THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SENTINEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Soldier, upon the bastioned wall,
Treading thy solemn, measured beat,
The sky of midnight o'er thy head,
The broad Atlantic at thy feet—
Tell me thy thoughts, as pacing on
Through tropic heat and moonless air,
The slow night passes, and the morn
Breaks up the east with lurid glare.

The faint breath of the languid South,
So sweet it must have wandered through
The orange groves of Indian lands,
Or white magnolias wet with dew,
Falls on thy brow with gentle touch—
A soft, insidious, wildering breath—
Prisoning in its voluptuous sweets
Perchance the pangs of hidden death.

Tell me thy thoughts, stern sentinel!—
Are they of yester morning's strife?
When 'mid the roar of shot and shell,
And 'mid the shriek of parting life,
Thy bright steel gleamed in yonder trench,
As leaping on a prostrate gun
Thy voice sent forth the rallying shout—
"Huzza! huzza! the day is won!"

Art thinking of the coming morn,
When blood red shall the banners glow,
And on the tented field without,
The deadly columns storm the foe?
When 'mid the smoke and clang of steel,
And 'mid the strife of carnage dire,
Thy stalwart form shall lead the van,
And meet the death-hot, murderous fire?

Is't fear that blanches thy stern brow?
Fear! should a soldier know the word?
Come life or death, what matters it
When the war trump his blood has stirred?
Speak, soldier! ah, thy cheek is flushed—
A tender gleam, like yon soft star,
Lights up thine eye as it is turned
Toward the Northern sky afar.

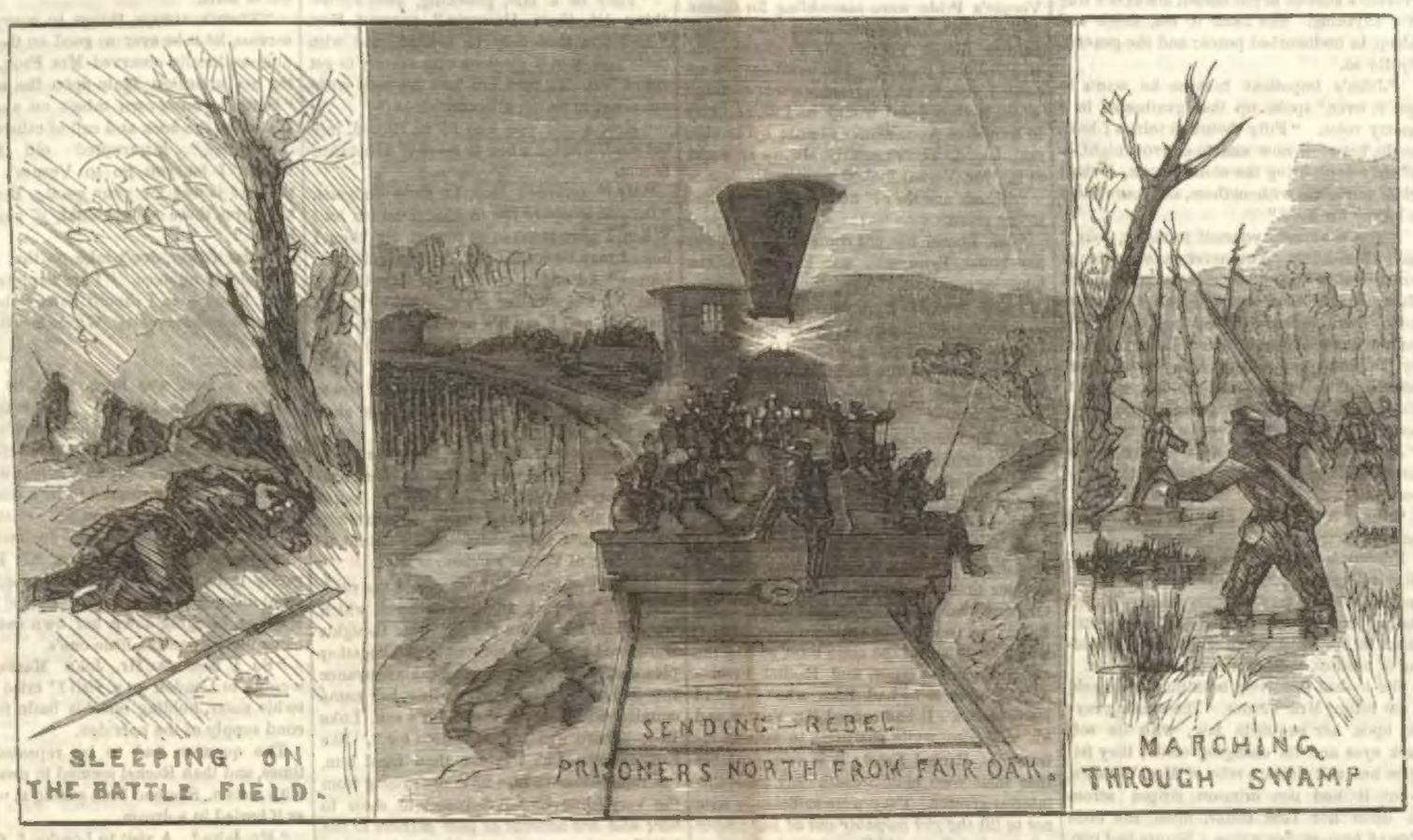
He answers not; wherefore's the need?
He thinks not of the battle's din;
Nor of the gloomy, bristling walls
That shut the strong old fortress in.
He knows whose orchard trees are white
With wildest wealth of rosy snow,
And that the red lipped May has kissed
The clover blossoms into glow.

He sees the low, brown cottage home,
Half hidden 'neath the sheltering trees,
That gray and mossy lift with pride
The peerless growth of centuries;
His eyes are moist—'tis not the mist
That rises from the wave washed shore—
'Tis a grand weakness yielded to
For those he may see nevermore!

Soldier! it is a thrilling sight
To see the brave man when he weeps
At thought of those whose memories
Fore'er within his heart he keeps.
God bless thee! sentinel, to-night,
While on thy lonesome, watchful beat—
The sky of midnight o'er thy head,
The broad Atlantic at thy feet.

☞ It requires less strength of character to do a brave act in secret than not to brag of it afterwards.

☞ Most new things are old ones returning in their orbits.



SKETCHES AROUND THE FAIR OAKS BATTLE FIELD.

The above engraving, engraved expressly for The Post from a picture in the "Illustrated News," gives a good idea of some of the scenes around the recent sanguinary battle field of Fair Oaks.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

RACHEL FROST.

The slanting rays of the afternoon sun, drawing towards the horizon, fell on a fair scene of country life. Flickering through the young foliage of the oak and lime-trees, touching the budding hedges, resting on the growing grass, all so lovely in their early green, and lighting up with flashes of yellow fire the windows of the fine mansion, that, rising on a gentle eminence, looked down on that fair scene as if it were its master, and could boast the ownership of those broad lands, of those gleaming trees.

Not that the house possessed much attraction for those whose taste savored of the antique. No time-worn turrets were there, or angular gables, or crooked eaves, or mullioned Gothic casements, so chary of glass that modern eyes can scarcely see in or out: neither was the edifice constructed of gray stone, or of bricks gone black and green with age. It was a handsome, well-built white mansion, giving the promise of desirable rooms inside, whose chimneys did not smoke or their windows rattle, and where there was sufficient space to turn in. The lower windows opened on a gravelled terrace, which ran along the front of the house, a flight of steps descending from it in its midst. Gently sloping lawns extended from the terrace, on either side the steps and the broad walk which branched from them; on which lawns shone gay parterres of flowers, already scenting the air, and giving promise of the advancing summer. Beyond were covered walks, affording a shelter from the sultry noontide sun; shrubberies and labyrinths of many turnings and windings, so suggestive of secret meetings, were secret meetings desirable; groves of scented shrubs exhaling their perfume; cascades and sippling fountains; mossy dells, concealing the sweet primrose, the sweeter violet; and verdant, sunny spots open to the country round, to the charming distant scenery, on whose benches you could sit and feast the eyes through the live-long summer day.

It was not summer yet—scarcely spring—and the sun, I say, was drawing to its setting, lighting up the large clear panes of the windows as with burnished gold. The house, the ornamental grounds, the estate around, all belonged to Mr. Verner. It had come to him by bequest, not by entailed inheritance. Busy-bodies were fond of saying that it never ought to have been his; that if the strict law of right and justice had been observed, it would have gone to his elder brother; or rather to that elder brother's son. Old Mr. Verner, the father of these two brothers, had been a modest country gentleman, until one morning when he awoke to the news that valuable mines had been discovered on his land. The mines brought him in gold, and in his later years he purchased this estate, pulled down the house that was upon it—a high, narrow, old thing, looking like a crazy tower or a capacious belfry—and had erected this one, calling it "Verner's Pride."

An appropriate name. For if ever poor human man was proud of a house he has builded, old Mr. Verner was proud of that—proud to folly. He laid out money on it in plenty; he made the grounds, belonging to it beautiful and seductive as a fabled scene from fairy-land, and he wound up by leaving it to the younger of his two sons.

These two sons constituted all his family. The elder had gone into the army early, and left for India; the younger had remained always with his father, the helper of his money-making, the sharer of the planning out and building of Verner's Pride, the joint resident there after it was built. The elder son—Captain Verner then—paid one visit only to England, during which visit he married and took his wife out with him when he went back. These long-continued separations, however much we may feel inclined to gloss over the fact, do play strange havoc with home-affections, wearing them away inch by inch.

The years went on and on. Captain Verner became Colonel Sir Lionel Verner, and a boy of his had been sent home in due course, and was at Eton. Old Mr. Verner grew near to death. News went out to India that his days were numbered, and Sir Lionel Verner was bade get leave of absence, if possible, and start for home without a day's loss, if he would see his father alive. "If possible," you observe, they put to the request, for the Sikhs were at that time giving trouble in our Indian possessions, and Colonel Verner was one of the experienced officers least likely to be spared.

But there is a mandate that must be obeyed whenever it comes—grim, imperative death. At the very hour when Mr. Verner was summoning his son to his death bed, at the precise time that military authority in India would have said, if asked, that Colonel Sir Lionel Verner could *not* be spared, death had marked out that brave officer for his own especial prey. He fell in one of the skirmishes that took place near the Moultan, and the two letters—one going to Europe with the tidings of his death, the other going to India with the news of his father's illness—crossed each other on the route.

"Steevy," said old Mr. Verner to his younger son, after giving a passing lament to Sir Lionel, "I shall leave Verner's Pride to you."

"Ought it not to go to the lad at Eton, father?" was the reply of Stephen Verner.

"What's the lad at Eton to me?" cried the old man. "I'd not have left it away from Lionel, as he stood first, but it has always seemed to me that you had the most right to it; that to leave it away from you savored of injustice. You were at its building, Steevy; it has been your home as much as it has been mine, and I'll never turn you from it for a stranger, let him be whose child he may. No, no! Verner's Pride shall be yours. But, look you, Stephen! you have no children, bring up young Lionel as your heir, and let it descend to him after you."

And that is how Stephen Verner had inherited Verner's Pride. Neighboring gossipers, ever fonder of laying down the law for other people's business than of minding their own, protested against it among themselves as a piece of injustice. Had they cause? Many very just-minded persons would consider that Stephen Verner possessed more fair claim to it than the boy at Eton.

I will tell you of one who did not consider so. And that was the widow of Sir Lionel Verner. When she arrived from India with her other two children, a son and daughter, she found old Mr. Verner dead, and Stephen the inheritor. Deeply annoyed and disappointed, Lady Verner deemed that a crying wrong had been perpetrated upon her and hers. But she had no power to undo it.

Stephen Verner had strictly fulfilled his father's injunctions touching young Lionel. He brought up the boy as his heir. During his educational days at Eton and at college, Verner's Pride was his holiday home, and he subsequently took up his permanent residence at it. Stephen Verner, though long married, had no children. One daughter had been born to him years ago, but had died at three or four years old. His wife had died a very short while subsequent to the death of his father. He afterwards married again, a widow lady of the name of Massingbird, who had two nearly grown-up sons. She had brought her sons home with her to Verner's Pride, and they had made it their home since.

Mr. Verner kept it no secret that his nephew Lionel was to be his heir; and, as such, Lionel was universally regarded on the estate. "Always provided that you merit it," Mr. Verner would say to Lionel in private; and so he had said to him from the very first. "Be what you ought to be—what I fondly believe my brother Lionel was: a man of goodness, of honor, of Christian integrity; a *gentleman* in the highest acceptation of the term—and Verner's Pride shall undoubtedly be yours. But if I find you forget your fair conduct, and forfeit the esteem of good men, so surely will I leave it away from you."

And that is the introduction. And now we must go back to the golden light of that spring evening.

Ascending the broad flight of steps and crossing the terrace, the house door is entered. A spacious hall, paved with delicately-grained marble, its windows mellowed by the soft tints of stained glass, whose pervading hues are of rose and violet, gives entrance to reception rooms on either side. Those on the right hand are mostly reserved for state occasions; those on the left are dedicated to common use. All these rooms are just now empty of living occupants, save one. That one is a small room on the right, behind the two grand drawing-rooms, and it looks out on the side of the house towards the south. It is called "Mr. Verner's study." And there sits Mr. Verner himself in it, leaning back in his chair and reading. A large fire burns in the grate, and he is close to it: he is always chilly.

Ay, always chilly. For, Mr. Verner's last illness—at least, what will in all probability prove his ending—has already laid hold of him. One generation passes away after another. It seems but the other day that a last illness seized upon his father, and now it is his turn! but several years have elapsed since then. Mr. Verner is not sixty, and he thinks that is young, for the disorder that has fastened on him. It is no hurried disorder; he may live for years yet; but the end, when it does come, will be tolerably sudden; and that he knows. It is water on the chest. He is a little man with light eyes; very much like what his father was before him; but not in the least like his late brother, Sir Lionel, who was a very fine and handsome man. He has a mild, pleasing countenance; but there arises a slight scowl to his brow as he turns hastily round at a noisy interruption.

Some one had burst into the room—forgetting, probably, that it was the quiet room of an invalid. A tall, dark, young man, with broad shoulders, and a somewhat peculiar stoop in them. His hair was black, his complexion sallow; but his features were good. He might have been called a handsome man, but for a strange, ugly mark upon his cheek. A very strange-looking mark indeed, quite as large as a pigeon's egg, with what looked like radii shooting from it on all sides. Some of the villagers, talking familiarly among themselves, would call it a hedgehog, some would call it a "porkypine;" but it resembled a star as much as anything. That is, if you can imagine a black star. The mark was black as jet; and his pale cheek, and the fact of his possessing no whiskers, made it all the more conspicuous. He was born with the mark; and his mother used to say—but that's of no consequence to us. It was Frederick Massingbird, the present Mrs. Verner's youngest son.

"Roy has come up, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Verner. "He says that Dawsons have turned obstinate and won't go out. They have barricaded the door, and protest that they'll stay, in spite of him. He wishes to know if he shall use force."

"No," said Mr. Verner. "I don't like harsh measures resorted to, and I won't have it done. Roy knows that."

"Well, sir, he waits your orders. He says there's half the village collected round Dawson's door. The place is in a regular commotion."

Mr. Verner looked vexed. Of late years he had declined active management on his estate; and, since he grew ill he particularly disliked being disturbed with details.

"Where's Lionel?" he asked, in a peevish tone.

"I saw Lionel ride out an hour ago. I don't know where he is gone."

"Tell Roy to let the affair rest until to-morrow, when Lionel will see about it. And, Frederick, I wish you would remember that a little noise shakes me; try to come in more quietly. You burst in as if my nerves were as strong as your own."

Mr. Verner turned to his fire again with an air of relief, glad to have got rid of the trouble in some way, and Frederick Massingbird proceeded to what was called the steward's room, where Roy waited. This Roy, a hard-looking man with a face very much seamed with the small-pox, was working bailiff to Mr. Verner. Until within a few years, he had been but a laborer on the estate. He was not liked among the poor tenants, and was generally honored with the appellation "Old Grips," or "Grip Roy."

"Roy," said Frederick Massingbird, "Mr. Verner says it is to be left until to-morrow morning. Mr. Lionel will see about it then. He is out at present."

"And let the mob have it all their own way for to-night!" returned Roy, angrily. "They be in a state of munity, they be; a saying everything as they can lay their tongues to."

"Let them say it," responded Frederick Massingbird. "Leave them alone and they'll disperse quietly enough. I shall not go in to Mr. Verner again, Roy. I caught it now for disturbing him. You must let it rest until you can see Mr. Lionel."

The bailiff went off, growling. He would have liked to receive *carte blanche* for dealing with the mob—as he was pleased to term them; between whom and himself there was no love lost. As he was crossing a paved yard at the back of the house, some one came hastily out of the laundry in the detached premises to the side, and crossed his path.

A very beautiful girl. Her features were delicate, her complexion was fair as alabaster, with a mantling color in her cheeks. But for the modest cap upon her head, a stranger might have been puzzled to guess at her condition of life. She looked gentle and refined as any lady, and her manners and speech would not have destroyed the illusion. She may be called a protege of the house, as will be explained presently; but she acted as maid to Mrs. Verner. The gentle color in her cheeks flushed somewhat deeper when she saw the bailiff.

He put out his hand and stopped her.

"Well, Rachel, how are you?"

"Quite well, thank you," she answered, endeavoring to pass on. But he would not suffer it.

"I say, I want to come to the bottom of this business between you and Luke," he said, lowering his voice. "What's the rights of it?"

"Between me and Luke?" she repeated, turning upon the bailiff an eye that had some scorn in it, and stopping now of her own accord. "There is no business whatever between me and Luke. There never has been. What do you mean?"

"Chut!" cried the bailiff. "Don't I know that he has followed your steps everywhere like a shadder; that he has been ready to kiss the very ground you trod on? And right mad I have been with him for it. You can't deny that he has been after you, wanting you to be his wife?".

"I do not wish to deny it," she replied. "You and the whole world are quite welcome to know all that has passed between me and Luke. He asked to be allowed to come here to see me; to 'court' me, he phrased it; which I distinctly declined. Then he took to follow me about. He did not molest me, he was not rude—I do not wish to make it out worse than it was—but it is not pleasant, Mr. Roy, to be followed, whenever you may take a walk, let the distance kept be ever so great. Especially by one you dislike."

"What is their to dislike in Luke?" interrupted the bailiff.

"Perhaps I ought to have said by one you do not like," she resumed. "To like Luke, in the way he wished, was impossible to me, and I told him so from the first. When I found that he followed my steps I spoke to him again, and threatened that, if it were persisted in, I should acquaint Mr. Verner. I told him, once for all, that I could not like him, and never would have him. That is all that has ever passed between me and Luke."

"Well, your hard-heartedness has done for him, Rachel Frost. It has drove him away from his native home, and sent him, an exile, to rough it in foreign lands. You may fix upon one as won't do for you and be your slave as Luke would. He could have kept you well."

"I heard he had gone to London," she remarked.

"London!" returned the bailiff, slightingly. "That's only the first halt on the journey. And you have drove him to it!"

"I can't help it," she replied. "I had no natural liking for him, and I could not force it. I don't believe that he has gone away for that trifling reason, Mr. Roy. If he has, he must be very foolish."

"Yes, he is foolish," muttered the bailiff to himself as he strode away. "He's a idiot, that's what he is! and so be all men that loses their wits a sighing after a girl. Vain, deceitful, fickle creatures, the girls be when they're young; but once let them get a hold on you, your ring on their finger, and they turn into vixenish, snarling women! Hags! Luke's a sight best off without her."

Rachel Frost proceeded in-doors. The door of the steward's room stood open, and she turned into it, fancying it was empty.—Down on a chair sat she, a marked change coming over her air and manner. Her bright color had faded, her hands hung down listless; and there was an expression on her face, of care, of perplexity. Suddenly she lifted her hands and struck her temples, with a gesture that looked very like despair.

"What ails you, Rachel?"

The question came from Frederick Massingbird, who had been standing at the window behind the high desk, unobserved by Rachel. Violently startled, she sprang up from her seat, her face a glowing crimson, muttering some disjointed words, to the effect that she did not know anybody was there.

"What were you and Roy discussing so eagerly in the yard?" continued Frederick Massingbird. But the words had scarcely escaped his lips, when the housekeeper, Mrs. Tynn, entered the room. She had a mottled face and mottled arms, her sleeves just now being turned up to the elbow.

"It was nothing particular, Mr. Frederick," replied Rachel.

"Roy is gone, is he not?" he continued to Rachel.

"Yes, sir."

"Rachel," interposed the housekeeper, "are those things not ready yet in the laundry?"

"Not quite. In a quarter of an hour, they say."

The housekeeper, with a word of impatience at the laundry's delay, went out and crossed the yard towards it. Frederick Massingbird turned again to Rachel.

"Roy seemed to be grumbling at you."

"He accused me of being the cause of his son's going away. He thinks I ought to have noticed him."

Frederick Massingbird made no reply. He raised his finger and gently rubbed it round and round the mark upon his cheek: a habit he had acquired when a child, and they could not entirely break him of it. He was seven-and-twenty years of age now, but he was sure to begin rubbing that mark unconsciously, if in deep thought. Rachel resumed, her tone a covert one, as if the subject on which she was about to speak, might not be breathed, even to the walls.

"Roy hinted that his son was going to foreign lands. I did not choose to let him see that I knew anything, so remarked that I had heard he was gone to London. 'London!' he answered: 'that was only the first halting-place on the journey!'"

"Did he give any hint about John?"

"Not a word," replied Rachel. "He would not be likely to do that."

"No. Roy can keep counsel, whatever other virtues he may run short of. Suppose you had joined your fortunes to sighing Luke's, Rachel, and gone out with him to grow rich together?" added Frederick Massingbird, in a tone which could be taken for either jest or earnest.

She evidently took it as the latter, and it appeared to call up an angry spirit. She was vexed almost to tears. Frederick Massingbird detected it.

"Silly Rachel!" he said, with a smile. "Do you suppose I should really counsel your throwing yourself away upon Luke Roy? Rachel," he continued as the housekeeper again made her appearance, "you must bring up the things as soon as they are ready. My brother is waiting for them."

"I'll bring them up, sir," replied Rachel.

Frederick Massingbird passed through the passages to the hall, and then proceeded up stairs to the bed-room occupied by his brother. A sufficiently spacious room for any ordinary purpose, but which did not look half large enough now for the litter that was in it. Wardrobes and drawers were standing open, their contents half out, half in; chairs, tables, bed were strewed, and boxes and portmanteaus were gaping open on the floor. John Massingbird, the elder brother, was stowing away some of this litter into the boxes; not all sixes and sevens, like it looked as it lay, but compactly and artistically. John Massingbird possessed a ready hand at packing and arranging; and, therefore, he preferred doing it himself, to deputing it to others. He was one year older than his brother, and there was a great likeness between them in figure and in feature. Not in expression: in that, they were widely different. They were about the same height, and there was the same stoop observable in the shoulders; the features also were similar in cast, and sallow in hue; the same the black eyes and hair. John had large whiskers, otherwise the likeness would have been more striking; and his face was not disfigured by the strange black mark. He was the best looking of the two: his face wore an easy, good-natured, free expression; while Frederick's was cold and reserved. Many people called John Massingbird a handsome man.—In character they were widely different.—John was a harem-scarem chap, up to every scrape; Fred was cautious and steady as Old Time.

Seated in the only free chair in the room—free from litter—was a tall, stout lady. But that she had so much crimson about her, she would have borne a remarkable resemblance to those two young men her sons. She wore a silk dress, gold in one light, green in another, with broad crimson stripes running across it: her cap was of white lace, garnished with crimson ribbons, and her cheeks and nose were crimson to match. As if this were not enough, she wore crimson streamers at her wrists, and a crimson bow to the front of her gown. Had you been outside, you might have seen that the burnished gold on the window-panes had turned to crimson, for the setting sun had changed its hue; but the panes could not look more brightly, deeply crimson, than did Mrs. Verner. It seemed that you might light a match at her face. In that particular, there was a contrast between her, and the perfectly pale, sallow faces of her sons: otherwise the resemblance was great.

"Fred," said Mrs. Verner, "I wish you would see what they are at with the shirts and things. I sent Rachel after them, but she does not come back, and then I sent Mary Tynn, and she does not come. And here's John as impatient as he can be."

She spoke in a slow, somewhat indifferent tone, as if she did not care to put herself out of the way about it. Indeed it was not Mrs. Verner's custom to put herself out of the way for anything. She liked to eat, drink and sleep, in undisturbed peace: and she generally did so.

"John's impatient because he wants to get it over," spoke up that gentleman in a merry voice. "Fifty thousand things I have to do, between now and to-morrow night.—If they don't bring the clothes soon, I shall close the boxes without them, and leave them a legacy for Fred."

"You have only yourself to thank, John," said his mother. "You never gave the things out till after breakfast this morning, and then required them to be done by the afternoon. Such nonsense, to say they had grown yellow in the drawers! They'll be yellower by the time you get there. It is just like you! driving off everything till the last moment. You have known of going some days now."

John was stamping upon a box to get down the lid, and did not attend to the reproach.

"See if it will lock, Fred, will you?" said he.

Frederick Massingbird stooped and essayed to turn the key. And just then Mrs. Tynn entered with a tray of clean linen. Which she set down. Rachel followed; a contrivance in her hand, made of silk, for the holding of needles, threads and pins, all in one.

She looked positively beautiful as she held it out before Mrs. Verner. The evening rays fell upon her exquisite face, with its soft dark eyes and its changing color; they fell upon her silk dress, a relic of Mrs. Verner's,—but it had not crimson stripes across it; upon her lace collar, upon the little edge of lace at her wrists. Nature had certainly intended Rachel for a lady, with her graceful form, her charming manners, and her delicate hands.

"Will this do, ma'am?" she inquired. "Is it the sort of thing you meant?"

"Ay, that will do, Rachel," replied Mrs. Verner. "John, here's a housewife for you!"

"A what?" asked John Massingbird, arresting his stamping.

"A needle-book to hold your needles and thread. Rachel has made it nicely. Shan't you want a thimble?"

"Goodness knows," replied John. "That's it, Fred! that's it! Give it a turn."

Frederick Massingbird locked the box, and then left the room. His mother followed him, telling John she had a large steel thimble somewhere, and would try and find it for him. Rachel began filling the housewife with needles, and John went on with his packing.

"Hallos!" he presently exclaimed. And Rachel looked up.

"What's the matter, sir?"

"I have pulled one of the strings off this green case. You must sew it on again, Rachel."

He brought a piece of green baize to her and a broken string. It looked something like the cover of a pocket-book or of a small case of instruments. Rachel's nimble fingers soon repaired the damage. John stood before her, looking on.

Looking not only at the progress of the work, but at her. Mr. John Massingbird was one who had an eye for beauty: he had not seen much in his life that could match with that before him. As Rachel held the case up to him, the damage repaired, he suddenly bent his head to steal a kiss.

But Rachel was too quick for him. She flung his face away with her hand; she flushed vividly; she was grievously indignant. That she considered it in the light of an insult was only too apparent: her voice was pained—her words were severe.

"Be quiet, stupid! I was not going to cat you," laughed John Massingbird. "I won't tell Luke."

"Insult upon insult!" she exclaimed, strangely excited. "You know that Luke Roy is nothing to me, Mr. Massingbird; you know that I have never in my life vouchsafed to give him a civil word. But, much as I despise him—much as he is beneath me I would rather submit to have my fate touched by him than by you."

What more she would have said was interrupted by the re-appearance of Mrs. Verner. That lady's ears had caught the sound of the contest—of the harsh words; and she felt inexpressibly surprised.

"What has happened?" she asked. "What is it, Rachel?"

"She pricked herself with one of the needles," said John, taking the explanation upon himself, "and then said I did it."

Mrs. Verner looked from one to the other. Rachel had turned quite pale. John laughed; he knew his mother did not believe him.

"The truth is, mother, I began teasing Rachel about her admirer, Luke. It made her angry."

"What absurdity!" exclaimed Mrs. Verner, testily, to Rachel. "My opinion is, you would have done well to encourage Luke. He was steady and respectable, and old Roy must have saved plenty of money."

Rachel burst into tears.

"What now!" cried Mrs. Verner. "Not a word can anybody say to you lately, Rachel, but you must begin to cry as if you were heart-broken. What has come to you, child? Is anything the matter with you?"

The tears deepened into long sobs of agony, as if her heart were indeed broken. She held her handkerchief up to her face, and went sobbing from the room.

Mrs. Verner gazed after her in very astonishment.

"What has taken her? What can it possibly be?" she uttered. "John, you must know."

"I, mother! I declare to you that I know no more about it than Adam. Rachel must be going a little crazed."

CHAPTER II.

THE WILLOW POND.

Before the sun had well set the family at Verner's Pride were assembling for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Verner, and John Massingbird; neither Lionel Verner nor Frederick Massingbird was present. The usual custom appeared somewhat reversed on this evening: while roving John would be just as likely to be absent from dinner as not; his brother and Lionel Verner nearly always appeared at it. Mr. Verner looked surprised.

"Where are they?" he cried, as he waited to say grace.

"Mr. Lionel has not come in, sir," replied the butler, Tynn, who was husband to the housekeeper.

"And Fred has gone out to keep some engagement with Sibylla West," spoke up Mrs. Verner. "She is going to spend the evening at the Bitterworths, and Fred promised, I believe, to see her safely thither. He will take his dinner when he comes in."

Mr. Verner bent his head, said the grace, and the dinner began.

Later—but not much later, for it was scarcely dark yet—Rachel Frost was leaving the house to pay a visit in the adjoining village, Deerham. Her position may be at once explained. It was mentioned in the last chapter that Mr. Verner had had one daughter, who died young. The mother of Rachel Frost had been this child's nurse, Rachel being an infant at the same time, so that the child, Rachel Verner, and Rachel Frost—named after her—had been what is called foster sisters. It had caused Mr. Verner, and his wife also while she lived, to take an interest in Rachel Frost: it is very probable that their own child's death only made this interest greater. They were sufficiently wise not to lift the girl palpably out of her proper sphere; but they paid for a decent education for her at a day-school, and were personally kind to her. Rachel—I was going to say fortunately, but it may be as just to say unfortunately—was one of those who seem to make the best of every trifling advantage: she had grown, without much effort of her own, into what might be termed a lady, in appearance, in manners, and in speech. The second Mrs. Verner also took an interest in her; and nearly a year before this period, on Rachel's eighteenth birthday, she took her to Verner's Pride as her own attendant.

A fascinating, loveable child had Rachel Frost ever been: she was a fascinating, loveable girl. Modest, affectionate, generous, everybody liked Rachel; she had not an enemy, so far as was known, in all Deerham. Her father was nothing but a laborer on the Verner estate; but in mind and conduct he was superior to his station; an upright, conscientious, and, in some degree, a proud man: her mother had been dead several years. Rachel was proud, too, in her way; proud and sensitive.

Rachel, dressed in her bonnet and shawl, passed out of the house by the front entrance. She would not have presumed to do so by daylight; but it was dusk now, the family not about, and it cut off a few yards of the road to the village. The terrace—which you have heard of as running along the front of the house—sloped gradually down at either end to the level ground, so as to admit the approach of carriages.

Riding up swiftly to the door, as Rachel appeared at it, was a gentleman of some five or six-and-twenty years. Horse and man both looked thorough-bred. Tall, strong and slender, with a keen, dark-blue eye, and regular features of a clear, healthy paleness, he—the man—would draw a second glance to himself wherever he might be met. His face was not inordinately handsome; nothing of the sort; but it wore an air of candor, of noble truth. A somewhat impassive face in repose, somewhat cold; but, in speaking, it grew expressive to animation, and the frank smile that would light it up made its greatest charm. The smile stole over it now, as he checked his horse and bent toward Rachel.

"Have they thought me lost? I suppose dinner is begun?"

"Dinner has been in this half hour, sir."

"All right. I feared they might wait.—What's the matter, Rachel? You have been making your eyes red."

"The matter! There's nothing the matter with me, Mr. Lionel," was Rachel's reply, her tone betraying a touch of annoyance. And she turned and walked swiftly along the terrace, beyond reach of the glare of the gas-lamp.

Up stole a man at this moment, who must have been hidden amid the pillars of the portico, watching the transient meeting, watching for an opportunity to speak. It was Roy, the bailiff; and he accosted the gentleman with the same complaint, touching the ill-doings of the Dawsons and the village in general, that had previously been carried to Mr. Verner by Frederick Massingbird.

"I was told to wait and take my orders from you, sir," he wound up with. "The master don't like to be troubled, and he wouldn't give none."

"Neither shall I give any," was the answer, "until I know more about it."

"They ought to be got out to-night, Mr. Lionel!" exclaimed the man, striking his hand fiercely against the air. "They sow all manner of incendiarisms in the place with their bad example."

"Roy," said Lionel Verner, in a quiet tone, "I have not, as you know, interfered actively in the management of things. I have not opposed my opinion against my uncle's, or against yours, or come between you and him in any way. When I have given orders, they have been his orders, not mine. But many things go on that I disapprove of; and I tell you very candidly, that were I to become master to-morrow, my first act would be to displace you, unless you could undertake to give up these nasty acts of petty oppression."

"Unless some of 'em was oppressed and kept under, they'd be for riding roughshod over the whole of us," retorted Roy.

"Nonsense!" said Lionel. "Nothing breeds rebellion like oppression. You are too fond of oppression, Roy, and Mr. Verner knows it."

"They be a idle, poaching, good-for-nothing lot, them Dawsons," pursued Roy. "And now that they be behind-hand with their rent, it is a glorious opportunity to get rid of 'em. I'd turn 'em into the road without a bed to lie on, this very night!"

"How would you like to be turned into the road, without a bed to lie on?" demanded Lionel.

"Me!" returned Roy, in deep dudgeon. "Do you compare me to that Dawson lot? When I give cause to be turned out, then I hope I may be turned out, sir, that's all. Mr. Lionel," he added, in a more conciliating tone, "I know better about out-door things than you, and I say it's necessary to be shut of the Dawsons. Give me power to act in this."

"I will not," said Lionel; "I forbid you to act in it at all, until the circumstances shall have been inquired into."

He sprung from his horse, flung the bridle to the groom, who was at that moment hastening forward, and strode into the house with the air of a young chieftain. Certainly Lionel Verner appeared fitted by nature to be the heir of Verner's Pride.

Rachel Frost, meanwhile, gained the road, and took the path to the left hand, which would lead her to the village. Her thoughts were bent on many sources, not altogether pleasant, one of which was the annoyance she had experienced at finding her name coupled with that of the bailiff's son, Luke Roy. There was no foundation for it. She had disliked Luke, rather than liked him, her repugnance to him no doubt arising from the very favor he felt disposed to show to her; and her account of past matters to the bailiff was in accordance with the facts. As she walked along, pondering, she became aware that two people were advancing towards her in the dark twilight. She knew them instantly, almost by intuition, but they were too much occupied with each other yet to have noticed her. One was Frederick Massingbird; and the young lady on his arm was his cousin, Sibylla West, a girl young and fascinating as was Rachel. Mr. Frederick Massingbird had been suspected of a liking, more than ordinary, for this young lady; but he had protested, in Rachel's hearing, as in that of others, that his was only cousin's love. Some impulse prompted Rachel to glide in at a field-gate which she was then passing, and stand behind the hedge until they should have gone by. Possibly she did not care to be seen.

It was a still night, and their voices were borne distinctly to Rachel as they slowly advanced. The first words to reach her came from Miss West.

"You will be going out after him, Frederick. That will be the next thing, I expect."

"Sibylla," was the answer, and his accents bore that earnest, tender, confidential tone, which of itself alone betrays love, "be you very sure of one thing; that I go neither there nor elsewhere without taking you."

"Oh, Frederick, is not John enough to go?"

"If I saw a better prospect there than here, I should follow him. He will write and report after he shall arrive, and be settled. My darling! I am ever thinking of the future for your sake."

"But is it not a dreadful country? There are wolves and bears in it that eat people up."

Frederick Massingbird slightly laughed at the remark.

"Do you think I would take my wife into the claws of wolves and bears?" he asked, in a tone of the deepest tenderness. "She will be too precious to me for that Sibylla."

The voices and the footsteps died away in the distance, and Rachel came out of her hiding-place, and went quickly on towards the village. Her father's cottage was soon gained. He did not live alone. His only son, Robert,—who had a wife and family,—lived with him. Robert was the son of his youth; Rachel the daughter of his age; the children of two wives. Matthew Frost's first wife had died in giving birth to Robert, and twenty years elapsed ere he married a second. He was seventy years of age now, but still upright as a dart, with a fine fresh complexion, a clear, bright eye, and snow-white hair that fell in curls behind, on the collar of his white smock frock.

He was sitting at a small table apart when Rachel entered, a candle and a large open Bible on it. A flock of grandchildren crowded round him, two of them on his knees. He was showing them the pictures. To gaze wonderingly on those pictures, and never tire of asking explanations of their mysteries, was the chief business of the little Frosts' lives. Robert's wife—but he was hardly ever called anything but Robin—was preparing something over the fire for the evening meal. Rachel went up and kissed her father. He scattered the children from him to make room for her. He loved her dearly. Robin loved her dearly. When Robin was a grown-up young man, the pretty baby had come to be his plaything. Robin seemed to love her still, better than he loved his own children.

"Thee'st been crying, child!" cried old Matthew Frost. "What has ailed thee?"

Had Rachel known that the signs of her past tears were so palpable as to call forth remark from everybody she met, as it appeared they were doing, she might have remained at home. Putting on a gay face, she laughed off the matter. Matthew pressed it.

"Something went wrong at home, and I got a scolding," said Rachel at length. "It was not worth crying over, though."

Mrs. Frost turned round from her saucepan.

"A scolding from the missis, Rachel?"

"There's nobody else at Verner's Pride should scold me," responded Rachel, with a charming little air of self-consequence. "Mrs. Verner said a cross word or two, and I was so stupid as to burst out crying. I have had a head-ache all day, and that's sure to put me out of sorts."

"There's always things to worry one in service, let it be ever so good on the whole," philosophically observed Mrs. Frost, bestowing her attention again upon the saucepan. "Better be one's own missis on a crust, say I, than at the beck and call of others."

"Rachel," interrupted old Matthew, "when I let you go to Verner's Pride, I thought it was for your good. But I'd not keep you there a day, child, if you be unhappy."

"Dear father, don't take up that notion," she quickly rejoined. "I am happier at Verner's Pride than I should be anywhere else. I would not leave it. Where is Robin this evening?"

"Robin—"

The answer was interrupted by the entrance of Robin himself. A short man with a red face, somewhat obstinate-looking. His eye lighted up when he saw Rachel; and Mrs. Frost poured out the contents of her saucepan, which appeared to be a compound of Scotch oatmeal and treacle. Rachel was invited to take some, but declined. She lifted one of the children on her knee—a pretty little girl—named after herself. The child did not seem well, and Rachel hushed it to her, bringing down her own sweet face caressingly upon the little one's.

"So I hear as Mr. John Massingbird's a-going to London on a visit?" cried Robin, to his sister, holding out his basin for a second supply of the porridge.

The question had to be repeated three times, and then Rachel seemed to awake to it with a start. She had been gazing at vacancy, as if buried in a dream.

"Mr. John? A visit to London? Oh, yes, yes; he is going to London."

"Do he make much of a stay?"

"I can't tell," said Rachel, slightingly. A certain confidence had been reposed in her at Verner's Pride; but it was not her business to make it known, even in her father's home. Rachel was not a good hand at deception, and she changed the subject. "Has there not been some disturbance with the Dawsons to-day? Old Roy was at Verner's Pride this afternoon, and the servants have been saying he came up about the Dawsons."

"He wanted to turn 'em out," replied Robin.

"He's Grip Roy all over," said Mrs. Frost.

Old Matthew Frost shook his head:

"There has been ill-feeling smouldering between Roy and old Dawson this long while; and now it's come to open war, I mis-doubt me but there'll be violence."

"There's ill-feeling between Roy and a many more, father, besides the Dawsons," observed Robin.

"Ay, Rachel, child,"—turning his head to the hearth, where his daughters sat apart—"folks have said as young Luke wants to make up to you. But I'd not like it. Luke's a good-meaning, kind-hearted lad himself; but I'd not like you to be daughter-in-law to old Roy."

"Be easy, father, dear. I'd not have Luke Roy if he were made of gold. I never yet had anything to say to him, and I never will have. We can't help our likes and dislikes."

"Pshaw!" said Robin with pardonable pride. "Pretty Rachel is not for a daft chap like Luke Roy, that's a head and ears shorter nor other men. Be you, my dear one?"

Rachel laughed. Her conscience told her that she enjoyed a joke at Luke's undersize. She took a shower of kisses from the little girl, put her down, and rose.

"I must go," she said. "Mrs. Verner may be calling for me."

"Don't she know you be come out?" asked old Matthew.

"No. But do not fear that I came clandestinely—or, as our servants would say, on the sly," added Rachel, with a smile. "Mrs. Verner has told me to run down to see you whenever I like, after she has gone in to dinner. Good-night, dear father."

The old man pressed her to his heart.

"Don't thee get fretting again, my blessing. I don't care to see thee with red eyes."

For answer, Rachel burst into tears then—a sudden, violent burst. She dashed them away again with a defiant, reckless sort of air, broke into a laugh, and laid the blame on her headache. Robin said he would walk home with her.

"No, Robin, I would rather you did not to-night," she replied. "I have two or three things to get at Mother Duff's, and I shall stop there a bit, gossipping. After that, I shall be home in a trice. It's not dark: and, if it were, who'd harm me?"

They laughed. To imagine harm of any sort arriving, through walking a mile or so alone at night, would never enter the head of honest country people. Rachel departed: and Robin, who was a domesticated man upon the whole, helped his wife to put the children to bed.

Scarcely an hour later, a strange commotion arose in the village. People ran about wildly, whispering dread words to one another. A woman had just been drowned in the willow-pond.

The whole place flocked down to the willow-pond. On its banks, the centre of an awe-struck crowd, which had been quickly gathering, lay a body, recently taken out of the water. It was all that remained of poor Rachel Frost—cold, and white, and DEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The LITTLE VOYAGER will appear in our next.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

We commence this new story by the author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," &c., in the present number of THE POST. As we have already stated, the story will be printed from the advance sheets purchased by us at a high price from the distinguished author. The interest of the story commences, it will be seen, at once—and the narrative is marked by the usual characteristics of Mrs. Wood's vigorous style. We shall print an extra edition, in order to supply the demand for this story.

OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS.

As was generally anticipated, the temporary reverse suffered by the national forces in the Shenandoah valley had the effect of inciting the enemies of the United States abroad to new manifestations. Among the more absurd of these proceedings was a discussion in both houses of the British Parliament relative to Gen. Butler's recent proclamation in New Orleans. This proclamation was denounced in set terms by Earl Russell, Lord Palmerston and others, and the hope was expressed that President Lincoln would recall General Butler at once from his command.

Waving the consideration of the general order referred to, except so far as to state that the most of the censure has probably arisen from a misconception of the General's true meaning, we may say that no sensible man, one would think, could avoid laughing at the serious manner in which the affair is discussed in their national councils by our English relatives. They seem to imagine that in some way Gen. Butler is an officer of theirs, and that the English Government is responsible for his doings. Now, the fact is, that while as men and moralists they have a full right to hold and express their opinions upon the propriety of Gen. Butler's course, as British legislators they have nothing to do with it. Talk with any intelligent Englishman, and he will regret the great load of debt and loss of life and good will they have incurred by not attending heretofore to their own business, and leaving that of other nations alone. But their rulers seem to have acquired such a deeply-rooted habit of intermeddling, that one would think from reading the proceedings of Parliament, it was the "Parliament of the World," alluded to by Mr. Tennyson as one of the fruits of the good time coming, and not the mere Parliament of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

It adds to the ridiculousness of the affair, that the English legislators seem to be entirely ignorant of certain recent facts of their own history. They never heard, one would think, of the murder of sepoys, men, women and children, in cold blood; of the blowing of rebels to pieces at the muzzles of cannon; of the giving up of captured cities to the lust and rapine of an exasperated soldiery!

A recent number of *Chambers's Edinburg Journal* contained an article from the pen of one who served in the English army as a surgeon during the recent campaign against the revolted East Indians. Let us quote a few paragraphs from that account:—

The rebel sepoys were an infamous and accursed race. They ate our salt with murder in their hearts; they hated us with the hate of those who have returned evil for good. Those smooth liars who slew our women and our children deserved the bayonet most richly. *In the battle, and after the battle, I, for my part, would have always cried, 'Spare not'*—ONLY IT WAS NEVER NECESSARY. In War there is no such thing as mercy in the hearts of most of the common soldiers, no matter of what nation they be. I have seen officers standing with revolvers *to defend Hindu women and children from the bayonets of our own men.* It is a foolish and wicked error to represent war as being carried on in a humane and civilized fashion, although certain courtesies are sometimes connected with it, which affect (almost solely) the chiefs on both sides. I am no mealy-mouthed member of the Peace Society—not I; but War is of the Devil; and almost every man while actually engaged in battle becomes *pro tem.* a fiend. * * * * *

Upon one occasion, a number of sepoys *were condemned to be shot after an engagement*, and a corporal and several men, among whom was Rawlins, were intrusted with this duty in the absence of a commissioned officer. There had been a dispute between Rawlins and the corporal as to how many men a bullet from a Minie rifle could be made to pierce, so they tied these wretch-

ed prisoners close to one another, each behind each, and fired at the foremost man.—*The bullet was found to pass through five men and wound a sixth, whereupon the sixth man took the foremost place in the rear file, and the butchery proceeded.*

Later in the campaign, it was decided (wisely, as I think) that for certain reasons connected with their superstition, *condemned sepoys should be blown from guns.* A certain number having been again committed to the tender mercies of another non-commissioned officer of ours, and some men, among whom again was my terrible patient, the execution proceeded thus. *The victims were placed with their faces towards the guns, so that they might not be spared the spectacle of the preparations for their own destruction, and when they shut their eyes to avoid this, the guns were snapped, again and again, so that each might endure the torture of half a dozen deaths before he actually met with death itself.*

Of the truth of these two dreadful incidents, I have no doubt whatever; and not less firmly do I believe that in all wars similar abominable acts are not only frequent, but common. Many men who would shudder at the very mention of such deeds, are only too eager to let slip the blood hounds who act thus, and sometimes upon slight provocation. May these few pages, torn from the blood-stained book of war itself, give such persons pause. Their ignorant voices may otherwise some day assist to produce that worst, because most gigantic, of all crimes—an unnecessary war. Soldiering—nay, even victory itself—is not all feathers and fanfaronade, my safely bellicose friends; though, as I have before observed, I am myself by no means a member of the Quaker body, nor at all likely to become so.

The end of Rawlins was excessively characteristic. In his last moments, he expressed himself obliged to me for such care as I had been able to bestow upon him, *and presented me with a very handsome jewel-casket (with nothing in it, however,) which had formed a part of his "loot" (plunder of a city given up to rapine.—Ed. Post,) at Lucknow.*

"I got it out of the Kaiserbagh, sir," said he, "and a great deal of hotheration it gave me. *I had to kill three Sikhs first, (their own allies.—Ed. Post,)* who were exceedingly obstinate in giving it up."

Now, if Mr. John Rawlins treated his allies in that manner, we need not wonder that he was not given to spare his enemies. And yet he was, without doubt, as brave—in a certain limited sense—as Nelson.

Now the outrages that the author of the above considers the necessary attendants of all wars, have not attended the present war in the United States, save as very exceptional cases. The very order of Gen. Butler's which has been so much condemned abroad, is of itself an indirect proof of this. Is not the fact that a victorious army needs *any* official order to protect itself from the gibes and sneers of the wives and daughters of the enemy, a proof—conclusive beyond all denial—that the discipline, good order, and moral behaviour of that army could not easily be excelled? No European army ever suffered from the sneers of hostile women—for the women of the conquered have always been eager to preserve respect at the cost of the most discreet silence. If anything were needed to convince us that the armies of the Union are conducting themselves as men—as brothers and husbands and fathers—and not as the mere "fiends" whom the British surgeon we have quoted thinks all soldiers must for the time become—the fact that the rebel women of the South are not afraid to give such rude license to their tongues, would alone convince us of it.

And we hope our Union soldiers may still continue to give evidences of their manly breeding—acting as become the sons of a land dotted all over with school houses and lyceums and churches. Let all severity beyond what is necessary be strictly proscribed. Let the armed assertion of the Union be seen in its appropriate fruits of restored order, an unfettered commerce, and a revived industry. Let no ruin be wrought for ruin's sake. Then, whatever may be said by our revilers in Europe, the wise and liberal everywhere will understand and appreciate the importance of the cause for which the Union armies have fought, and the wonderful forbearance which has characterized them in the hour of triumph.

A LAST VISIT TO THE ACADEMY.

The thirty-ninth exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts is drawing to a close. The pictures which have formed the fullest and finest collection we have had for years, will retire again into the possession of their various owners, and the world at large will lose sight of them. The knowledge that they would soon be withdrawn, has made later visits to them more attractive than the first view. Many pictures, comparatively overlooked at first, grow on one's admiration subsequently.

Of the landscapes of E. D. Lewis, "Among the Clouds at Catskill" is pre-eminent. Its rainbowed atmospheric effects make it look like some lovely vision of fairy-land. It is truly the scene it represents, but glorified.

"The Counterfeit Note," by D. Huntington, has attracted much attention. The accessories of the picture, the costume of the figures, and the various fabrics displayed about the shop, are wonderfully painted.—The skulking glance of the fellow who is attempting to pass the note, is no doubt very true to life—that kind of life—and the cautious shop-keeper and his suspicious wife are very good, but we see no connection with the counterfeit note in the most prominent figure, the sweet looking girl who is so skillfully trying the quality of the web of muslin she is holding.

The "Italian Wayside," by H. W. Wangie, is a very pleasing and suggestive picture. The precipitous, flagged pathway, the pleasant terraced orchard, and the antique fountain where the peasant girls come to fill their pitchers, set the fancy rambling in that old world, where the ways of life so differ from ours that it would almost seem as if the human nature must be different too.

The number of portraits is less than is usually found in these exhibitions. Mr. Furness, whose spirited and life-like portraits we admired in last year's collection, contributes but one.

J. R. Lambdin contributes the most striking specimens of this branch of art. His portraits of Commodore Dupont and of General Burnside are especially attractive. It is good to look at the fine, frank, manly countenance of the former.

It pulls at the heart like saying good-bye to a friend, to look round now for the last time at the pictures which have grown familiar to us in the few weeks that we have seen them on these walls, thinking that there are many which we see for the last time. There is one little monstrosity in the rotunda, however, that we shall not be sorry to lose sight of, for its grotesque horror draws the attention in spite of you. A "Head of King Herod," the owner Joseph Harrison, the artist unknown. A dreadful looking head, is one's first thought; King Herod in torment, it seems; but on looking closer the cause of this terrible ghastliness appears. The whole face, neck and arm is composed of the bodies of the slaughtered innocents, the little naked forms disposed in the order of the muscles, while two little dark heads, projecting outward, form the eyes. It is a horrid conceit, impressing one like one of E. A. Poe's wild stories, making one wonder how such things *could* come into any human being's brain.

Now one more glance round the rotunda, another gaze at Hamilton's "Dreary Egypt, sitting 'mid beleaguering sands," at W. T. Richard's "Harvest Moon in the Valley of Wyoming," and at Cruikshank's sweet little bird's nest, and we bid good-bye to the thirty-ninth exhibition of the Academy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ALTAR AT HOME. Second Series. Selections and Prayers for Domestic Worship. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

NORTH AMERICA. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." Author's Edition. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Another edition is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

HARPER'S HAND BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Great Britain, &c., &c. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a Map embracing colored Routes of Travel. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE FLIRT; or, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Gambler's Wife," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. A Novel. By John Saunders, author of "The Shadow in the House," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York: for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July.

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for July.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for July.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for July.

NEWS ITEMS.

GUN-BOATS FOR CHINA.—The Chinese Government has hired a fleet of gun-boats from England. They are to be officered and manned by Englishmen, whose pay will be provided for by the Chinese. Each gun-boat is to be under the command of a lieutenant of the royal navy, the pay of whom is to be seven hundred pounds per annum. There will be six of these commands; the whole under a captain, superintendent, or commodore, with a salary of three thousand pounds per year. The Chinese rebels seem to be in a different category from the American ones—and there are no professions of neutrality made in their favor.

THE PHILADELPHIA FLAG.—A flag is now run up on the State House, when the City Councils are in session. The flag bears upon a milk white ground the arms of the city. It is of fine bunting, 18 by 25 feet in dimensions. The insignia of the city are in blue. We smiled recently at seeing an elderly gentleman alight from the cars in front of the State House, and inquire of the janitor, "what the dickens was meant by a flag of truce upon the State House?" When properly posted, he invited the janitor to indulge "in lawer lager" across the way.—*North American.*

THIS is the second time Gen. Benham has been placed under arrest in this war. Rosecrans sent him to Washington to be tried on grave charges, but he was made second in command to Gen. Hunter. He is an officer of the regular service, having been at the time of his promotion a major of engineers.

MESSRS. Balmor & Heber, extensive dealers and publishers at St. Louis, were arrested, on the 27th, by the Provost Marshal, and committed to the Military Prison, and the establishment closed for selling secession music.

ACCORDING to rebel advices, Gen. Bragg was to take command at Vicksburg on the 18th ult. It is reported that there are now 30,000 troops at Vicksburg, under Gens. Bragg and Pillow.

CAPITAL RETORT.—The Toledo Commercial gives the following good retort: "The other day, as a number of rebel prisoners were being shipped for Sandusky, a little German made himself quite prominent with his noisy remarks about the secesh. One of them, a brawny six-footer, turned savagely upon him and said, 'We eat Dutchmen down South.' 'Vy den you no eat Sigel?' was the instant retort. Secesh had no reply to give, but passed sadly on."

RESULT OF RIDING A MAN ON A RAIL.—The case of Miller vs. Smith, has just been tried in Wales, Mass. The plaintiff sued for an assault committed on him last August.—He was ridden on a rail, and subject to other violence and indignity, for the utterance of what were alleged to be disloyal sentiments. A verdict of $575 was rendered for the plaintiff. The Palmer Journal says: "Those who engaged in what they considered a just, but unfortunate outbreak of indignation, are among the first people of Wales."

☞ The young lady who could read the following and not "pity the sorrows of a poor young man," deserves to live and die an old girl:—

"I wish I were a turkey-dove,
A-settling on your knee;
I'd kiss your muslin' lips, love,
To all e-ter-ni-tee."

☞ A lazy fellow lying on the grass once said:—"Oh, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

☞ He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

HOUSEKEEPING.

It may interest general readers, says Hall's Journal of Health, to know the cost of housekeeping in New York, among families in "moderate" or "easy" circumstances, exclusive of house-rent, dress, teachers' bills, and "summerings."

A family near Union Square, of nine persons, (five grown and four children under fifteen,) footed up the bills on the last day of 1861, as follows:—

Green-grocer, (vegetables, fruits, poultry, etc.,)	$256
Grocer, (coffee, tea, sugar, etc.,)	96
Cook,	96
Housemaid,	75
Coal and wood,	77
Milk,	76
Meats,	59
Gas,	36
Sundries, of ice, repairs to range, etc.,	29
	$800

This family lived in their own house; purchased all their supplies by the small quantity, excepting supplies, flour, and fuel; as leaving less margin for waste, purloining and losses from decay of provisions; thus having everything good and fresh of its kind. As to style and quality of the table: seven barrels of apples were provided in autumn; the flour always exceeded eight dollars a barrel; loaf-sugar was mainly used, except for pastries; butter averaged thirty cents a pound; home-made bread; no liquors for drink; not a dollar for medicines; Java coffee roasted at home; tea, one dollar a pound; from three to four quarts of milk a day; nine gas-burners were lighted every night, sometimes ten or more, three of which always burned some all night; dessert of some kind every day, and more or less of company, eating and lodging, every week. Servants were required to be *in* bed before the clock struck ten; the area gate was always kept locked; there were no perquisites of rags and soap-fat sold at two cents a pound, made of bacon, lard, and butter at forty cents; no cats or dogs were kept; neither ants, roaches, bed-bugs, nor musquitoes. Servants were selected who had been at their "last places" several years; who were middle-aged; looked tidy all the time, especially the cook; had no relations and few indeed, if any visitors. Nothing was kept under lock and key.

Thus a family of eight or ten persons may live in comfort, cleanliness, and health in New York, for eight hundred dollars a year, for fuel, lodging, washing, lights, food, and drink; guarding against wasteful, dishonest, and *liberal* servants, late hours, and costly, early, or out-of-season dishes.

It is painful to know how many families strive desperately and yet unavailingly, to "get ahead" in New York City; the failure arising too often from their setting out with a style of living which was decided on in ignorance of what it ought to be; in consequence of forming an opinion from those who were living beyond their means, or who had resources greater than their own; then the strife to "keep up," involves those excessive efforts, those anxious toils and corroding cares which eat out all the joys of life, undermine the health, and make a premature grave, leaving children with no other heritage but the necessities of the same toils and cares, with the same false ambitions, and to make of life a failure also!

Consolidation of the Valley Armies—Gen. Fremont Relieved.

The forces under Major-Generals Fremont, Banks, and McDowell have been consolidated into one army, to be called the army of Virginia, and Major-General Pope has been specially assigned by the President to the chief command.

The forces under Gen. Fremont will constitute the First Army Corps, to be commanded by Gen. Fremont.

The forces under Gen. Banks will constitute the Second Army Corps, to be commanded by that officer.

The forces under Gen. McDowell will constitute the Third Army Corps, to be commanded by McDowell.

Gen. McCall's division, 10,000 strong, which formed a part of Gen. McDowell's corps, has reached Gen. McClellan by water, and another division is to follow immediately in the same way, while Gen. Pope will also operate against the enemy at Richmond.

Besides McCall's division, Gen. McClellan has received other reinforcements to the amount of several thousands, since the battle of Fair Oaks.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The following order was issued to-day:—

ORDER RELIEVING GEN. FREMONT FROM HIS COMMAND.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27, 1862.—Major-General John C. Fremont having requested to be relieved from the command of the First Army Corps of the Army of Virginia, because, as he says, the position assigned him by the appointment of Major-General Pope as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Virginia is subordinate and inferior to those heretofore held by him; and to remain in the subordinate command now assigned would, as he says, largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service;

It is ordered by the President that Major-General John C. Fremont be relieved from the command.

Second—That Brigadier-General Rufus King be and he is hereby assigned to the command of the First Army Corps of the Army of Virginia, in place of Gen. Fremont, relieved.

By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

TREATY WITH MEXICO.—The treaty made through Minister Corwin, loaning $11,000,000 to Mexico, has, it is understood, been sent into the Senate by the President. The delay on the presentation of this treaty has, it is thought, been owing to the reluctance of the President to submit a project so directly at variance with the recent action of the Senate upon the subject of Mexican affairs, while at the same time he has probably not felt willing to withhold it from their action, should a disposition exist to change our line of policy, and take a direct part in the affairs of Mexico, to which this treaty, according to report, would commit us.

☞ Which is the best way to keep a woman's love? Never to return it.

THE LATE BATTLE NEAR CHARLESTON.

The steamer Philadelphia has arrived from Beaufort, and the Ericsson from Key West, with dates to the 18th June, and from Port Royal to the 23d. The latter brings 191 passengers, including Gen. Benham and staff, and 57 soldiers, wounded in the late engagement on James Island, near Charleston.

The account of the fight copied from the Charleston papers is correct. The U. S. troops, under Gen. Benham, made an attack at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and were repulsed after four hours' hard fighting, with a loss of 668 killed, wounded and missing. The Michigan 8th had 250 left at roll call. The New York 79th also suffered severely. The Union troops were obliged to retreat under cover of the gun-boats.

Col. Perry, of the 18th New York volunteers, died at Fort Pulaski, June 18th of apoplexy.

Gen. Brannon, from Key West, was expected daily at Port Royal.

The Ericsson landed the 7th New Hampshire, six companies of the 19th New York and four companies of the 1st regular artillery, at Port Royal.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE ON JAMES ISLAND—GEN. BENHAM UNDER ARREST.—The New York Express says that Gen. Benham is understood to be under arrest, with orders to report at Washington. It is stated that Gen. Hunter left James Island on the 13th, leaving Gen. Benham in command, with orders to make no advance towards Charleston without reinforcements or further orders.

It was reported by deserters that the whole rebel force at Secessionville was but two battalions, with six guns mounted and seven more ready for use.

The reconnoissance was made on the 16th, Gen. Stevens, with 4,000 men, was to make the attack at daybreak, while Gen. Wright and Col. Williams, with 3,000 more, to support him. Somehow, the movement was delayed an hour, and as our troops marched up through a plain field, in broad daylight, they were met by a murderous fire of grape and canister. Two regiments only reached the front, and they were much cut up, namely, the 8th Michigan and 79th New York. The 28th Massachusetts broke and scattered, and the 46th New York did little better. The first two regiments drove the gunners from the guns, and some even penetrated the works, but other regiments failing to support them, they had to retire after holding the battery twenty minutes.

In the meantime, Col. Williams coming to their support, was separated by a marsh from the fort, and exposed to a severe cross fire from some rebel guns in the woods. His troops, consisting of the 3d New Hampshire and 3d Rhode Island regiments, fought nobly, and met with considerable loss.

For three-quarters of an hour not a gun was fired from the fort, and the prompt presence of a few hundred men would have carried it, but they were not there, and our troops had to retire. Another account confirms the above in the main, but states that the Massachusetts regiment did well. Our loss is given at 84 killed, 306 wounded, and 124 missing.

Our camp is now within range of the fire of our gunboats, and is in safe condition.—Entrenchments are being thrown up while we await reinforcements.

Gen. Brannan's troops, to the number of 2,000, had arrived from Key West at James Island, but our forces must be largely reinforced before operations can be resumed.

The rebels are constantly receiving additional troops, and preparations for the defence of Charleston are being extensively made.

A letter from Beaufort states the loss of the 3d New Hampshire at six killed and wounded, and of the 8th Michigan 300.

The same letter asserts that Com. Dupont says he can take Charleston with 5 good gun-boats. He will run by Fort Sumter and the other fortifications without a loss of more than two of his boats, and with the others shell the city.

A letter from an officer of the 48th N. Y. regiment gives the aggregate losses as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
28th Massachusetts,	8	41	24
79th New York,	6	—	40
46th New York,	5	14	16
7th Connecticut,	13	75	2
7th and 8th Michigan, total,			169

Total loss, 677, in killed, wounded and missing.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO WEST POINT.—Mr. Lincoln made a hasty visit, last week, to Gen. Scott, at West Point, which naturally excited great remark. At Jersey City, on his return, he spoke substantially as follows:—

"When birds and animals are looked at through a fog, they are seen to disadvantage, and so it might be with you, if I were to attempt to tell you why I went to see General Scott. I can only say that my visit to West Point did not have the importance which has been attached to it; but it conceived matters that you understand quite as well as if I were to tell you all about them. Now, I can only remark, that it had nothing whatever to do with making or unmaking any General in the country. (Laughter and applause.) The Secretary of War, you know, holds a pretty tight reign on the Press, so that they shall not tell more than they ought to; and I'm afraid that if I blab too much, he might draw a tight rein on me." (Roars of laughter and applause,) during which the President retired within the car.

Following the President's visit came the appointment of Gen. Pope to head the army of Shenandoah valley.

FREMONT'S RESIGNATION.—Military men are proverbially tenacious on the point of rank. Major General Fremont is of the same rank as Major General McClellan—their commissions are dated on the same day, and they are the senior Major Generals in the *regular army*, while Gen. Pope is only Major General of *volunteers*. Fremont probably considers, as his friends do, that his late movements in the valley are highly creditable to him, and deserving of praise rather than of implied censure—the escape of Jackson being owing to the fault of an officer under McDowell, if it be anybody's *fault*. It is undeniable, however, that Gen. Pope has proved himself to be one of our most capable officers, and his appointment, therefore, may be a highly judicious one.

ARKANSAS.—The Little Rock Democrat (rebel) says there are now in Arkansas from 10,000 to 12,000 Federals, scattered over a large extent of country. The largest body, numbering from 5,000 to 6,000, are in the vicinity of Batesville.

A fleet of steamers, with supplies for Gen. Curtis's army, has arrived at Memphis, and will be escorted up the White river, Arkansas, by a strong guard.

☞ We are assured that the enemy's opinion of General Banks is, that he has "no confidence in himself." If they are right, he has changed much since he left Massachusetts.—*Boston paper.*

☞ BREEDING.—One's breeding shows itself nowhere more than in his religion. A man should be a gentleman in his hymns and prayers.—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

EPITAPH ON MARY FORD.

Here lies ye body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul we hope is with the Lord;
But if for hell she changed this life,
It's better than being John Ford's wife.

☞ "Cousin Esther," said my pet, "I know what the stars are." "What, Daffy?" "Peep-holes for the angels."

☞ A young man being asked by a young lady what phonography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that it was phonography:—"U. R. A. B. U. T. L. N.!" (You are a beauty, Ellen.)

☞ A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love:—"The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a 'love of a bonnet.'"

☞ A railer against marriage thinks that the creation of woman was simply the change of a bone in man's side to a thorn.

☞ An artist is not so strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

☞ A Philadelphia horticulturist has just produced a novelty in the way of trees, a maple in which each leaf is white and green—not silvery white, but fixed white, like that of paper. The white and green not being equally divided, the tree will be a striking object among others.

☞ The Japanese now in London are not at all carried away by the English ladies. On the contrary, they do not scruple to say that they think us Westerns, of both sexes, a singularly ugly race. It is very wholesome to be reminded of the difference of tastes in this way, for of all the ugly specimens of humanity, in Western eyes, the Japanese Embassy, by universal admission, includes the flower.

☞ Some wag says—speaking of ladies in their present fashionable rig—that "you gaze on this curious concern as it wiggles along the streets, and are reminded of soldiers' tents with streamers waving from the top." "Wiggles" is good, as describing the present popular gait, though we should not have thought of applying it.

☞ In the voyage of life thousands are like men who enter the mouths of rivers and sail upwards, finding less and less water every day, till in old age they lie shrunk and gasping upon dry gravel.

☞ Notice of motion—the railway whistle.

☞ Tennyson's "Exhibition Ode" has been printed in all the newspapers with a curious typographical error in it. It seems that the copy from which it was printed was marked for music, and before the word "Art" in the line

"And shapes and hues of Art divine"

a large P was affixed, signifying *Piano.* The word, consequently, was printed "Part," and as such has been copied and recopied, and read both in England and this country.

☞ Everything useful or necessary is cheapest; walking is the most wholesome exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet—even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

☞ A novel way of smuggling is reported in the French papers. A watchmaker of Alencon having lately offered some Swiss watches at exceedingly low prices, was asked how he could afford to sell them so cheap. "Oh, that is simple enough," he replied; "I bought them of a wild beast showman who had just come from Switzerland." Before leaving Geneva, he bought a quantity of watches, which he concealed under the litter of his lion's cage. It is hardly necessary to mention that the Custom House officers at the frontier did not venture to search there for the contraband goods.

☞ The following "Owed to Lake Ontary," is worth preserving:

"Green ar' thy waters, green as bottle glass—
Behold 'em stretcht thar!
Fine muskalonges and Oswego bass
Is oft'n katched thar.
Thar the red Injin once took his delights,
Fisht, fit, and bled;
Now, most of the inhabitants is whites,
And narry red!"

☞ Must a man get a correct philosophy of prayer before he prays? Must a child, ready to run into its father's arms, stop and study mental processes before it yields to the impulses of its love?

☞ "I'll bet you a bumper of ale that my name is harder than yours," said a wag to a stranger. "Done," said the stranger; "what may your name be?" "My name is Flint," said the would be wit. "And mine is Harder," was the reply.

☞ A lady had two children—both girls. The elder was a fair child, the younger a beauty and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet," (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that love could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a little, childish footstep on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with her favorite, "Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired. "No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "it isn't Sweet, it's only me." The mother's heart smote her, and from that hour "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

☞ When the Cardinals wished to read a gentle lesson to the gay and literary Leo X., they caused a fire of straw to be lit before him. "Thus quickly fleet the vanities of the world," cried a warning voice, as the flame shot up. "But while it passes let us warm our hands in it," retorted the quick Pope, holding out his hands to the fire.

☞ It has been suggested to our friend Mr. Briefless, that his opinion would be very valuable on the question whether a man who dies before he has settled with his creditors may be considered to have shown an undue preference in paying the debt of nature before his other liabilities.

☞ Those who walk most are generally healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

☞ The savans have discovered an insect that live and thrives on a strychnine diet.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY IN FRONT OF RICHMOND

FROM MEMPHIS.

DEATH OF GEN. SCOTT'S WIFE.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

From Memphis.

MEMPHIS, June 26.—The first train on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad for Corinth, with a number of teams and wagons, and one company of the 56th Ohio regiment, besides several officers, was attacked by a large force of rebel cavalry yesterday, about twelve miles from this city. The rebels destroyed the locomotive, burned the cars, killed ten of our men, and captured several officers, including Col. Kinney and Majors Bride and Sharp, and the railroad superintendent.

The locomotive destroyed yesterday was the only one on the road at this point.

Death of Gen. Scott's Wife.

NEW YORK, June 28.—Information has been received here of the death of the wife of Gen. Scott at Rome, on the 10th ult., at the age of 72 years.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. Rufus King, on Friday, received the order of the Secretary of War, promoting him to the command of the First Army Corps of the army of Virginia. On Saturday he issued his farewell address to the troops at Fredericksburg.

Our fleet which ascended the White river, Ark., has been obliged to return on account of low water. The rebel boats Van Dorn and Pontchartrain are up the Arkansas river, but can do nothing on account of the stage of the water.

The steamer Marion, from New Orleans, arrived at New York on Saturday, with dates to the 20th inst. General Butler had issued a modified form of oath for the foreign residents, by which persons taking it only swear to support and defend the Constitution of the United States. Considerable destitution prevails among the working classes of the city. General Butler is making strenuous exertions to alleviate the condition of the poor; but as business generally is dull, his efforts are only partially successful. The Union sentiment is gaining strength. The applicants for taking the oath of allegiance have become so numerous that General Shepley has been obliged to extend the time of registering. The ladies are somewhat subdued. A rebel camp at Wanopac has been broken up.

A number of clergymen at Nashville, of the Methodist and Baptist denominations, have been sent to the penitentiary on the charge of disloyalty.

The steamship Sierra Nevada arrived at San Francisco on the 24th, from the northern coast, with over $200,000 worth of gold dust from Oregon, and $33,000 from British Columbia.

SERIOUS CONTEST.

EVACUATION OF THE WHITE HOUSE—GEN. MCCLELLAN'S ARMY MASSED SOUTH OF THE CHICKAHOMINY—MCCLELLAN'S NEW BASE OF OPERATIONS ON JAMES RIVER.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The New York Tribune has just issued an extra, with dispatches dated on the battle-field, Sunday morning.

The dispatch states that a severe and most determined battle was fought on the right wing on Thursday and Friday, which is claimed by some of our officers as a successful strategetic movement, drawing the enemy unwittingly into a trap, which will soon capture Richmond and the entire rebel army.

The attack was made by the enemy in immense force, who crossed the Chickahominy near the railroad, above Mechanicsville, on Thursday afternoon. The rebels fought desperately, but were unable to drive our men a single rod, though the enemy were ten to our one.

The only force engaged that day was McCall's Division, the battle lasting from 2 o'clock till 9 P. M., when the Division was ordered back.

Gen. McClellan was on the field, and expressed himself satisfied with the result.

The Herald also publishes a report dated the 27th, which states that our killed, wounded and missing will number 1,200.

The object of the movement was to bring Gen. Porter's and other divisions into close connection with the rest of the army. In fact, changing the front of the whole of our forces with our centre and left pressing immediately on Richmond itself, which could be done, it was expected, on Saturday.

It was a virtual surrender or vacating of a long line of defence heretofore kept up to Mechanicsville in order to have the whole force within more effective distance. Also to allow the rebels to follow up and if possible to bag them.

Gen. McClellan ordered Gen. Porter to withdraw to two miles this side of Gaines's Mills early on Friday morning, which was done, the enemy following and thinking they had gained the victory, our troops slowly moving back in order and fighting as they went, crossing the Chickahominy and reached the position designated for their occupation by Gen. McClellan.

The rebels followed in great force, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon a general and heavy engagement occurred here, lasting till 7 o'clock, when a lull took place, but the rebels again renewed it with greater ferocity, having been reinforced.

Our brave men stood the unequal contest like heroes, and the shell, grape and musketry did fearful havoc. Our forces were increased by Generals Slocum's, Palmer's, French's, and Meagher's brigades, and the rebels were beaten badly.

Meagher's brigade went into the battle with their coats off and sleeves rolled up, fighting like tigers.

The ground which General McClellan ordered General Porter to occupy and hold, was occupied and held in the first part of the day.

General Porter's corps alone contended against the rebels, but subsequently reinforcements swelled our numbers to 45,000.

The rebels had 60 000 under Gen'ls. Lee, Hill, Anderson and Branch.

Among the killed are Col. Black and Lieutenant-Colonel Sweitser of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania; Col. Gare, of the Twenty-second Massachusetts; Col. Roberts, of the First Michigan; Col. McQuade and Lieutenant-Colonel Skellen, of the Fourteenth New York, and Major Patterson, of the Sixty-Second Pennsylvania.

☞ "Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when he swallowed the bait.

☞ The Spanish proverb says that a melon and a wife are hard to choose. Of course the moral is, that "we cannot judge by appearances only."

☞ None deserve the character of being good who have not spirit enough to be bad.

☞ In a fight take your friend's part; at least, let him have it himself.

"LAUGH AND GET FAT."

There's nothing here on earth deserves
  Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
  When we could do so well without it:
If folks would let the world go round,
  And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found,
  To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

One plagues himself about the sun,
  And puzzles on through every weather,
What time he'll rise,—how long he'll run,—
  And when he'll leave us altogether;
Now matters it a pebble stone,
  Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
  At last they'll plague him out of Heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Another spins from out his brains
  Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbors,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
  Reviewed, and laughed at for his labors:
Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet;
  And praise is pleasanter than honey,—
I write at just so much a sheet,
  And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

My brother gave his heart away
  To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball, one day—
  He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer, too—and sighed,
  And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing!—and died,
  And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
  But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
  But sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the Sage's brightest star,
  Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
  Please God! I'll keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
  A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
  Is half a pain and half a pleasure;
And why be grave instead of gay?
  Why feel a thirst when folks are quaffing!—
Oh! trust me, whatso'er they say,
  There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

THE DOUBLE ROBBERY.

Towards the close of the last century Northumberland and the Scottish border were terribly infested by those—to the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the *genus* thief known as "rievers" or "lifters" of cattle.

Almost all the rascals who followed this not unlucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as "Dickey of Kingswood." This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his mere empty boasting—far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished ere morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprizes conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of the law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Denton Burn, a village distant three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had made off towards the Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in "making tracks" towards the west country, and so expeditious were his movements, that in a short time he reached Lanercost in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—nay, possibly, dangerous—to him longer to retain. The farmer, moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, at once resolved, by fair means or foul, to secure. He, therefore, willingly accepted the farmer's hospitable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might "crack" a bottle of wine in honor of their bargain. Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer if he would sell him his mare?

"Sell you my mare!" exclaimed his host, all aghast at this proposition. "Sell my mare! No, thank you! Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country!"

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave," responded Dickey; "and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I'm quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but," added the obsequious Dick, "since you will not sell her, I can only wish you long life and good health to enjoy her."

This sentiment was of course duly honored in a bumper.

"I hope, Mr. Musgrave," next observed Dickey, "that you keep a close look-out after your stable-door, because now, when that confounded rascal, Dickey of Kingswood, is allowed to be at liberty, a man cannot be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty."

"Stable! ha! ha!" chuckled the farmer.—"I think," he continued, "that Dickey of Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal *my* mare out of *her* stable!"

"Indeed! where may her stable be situated?" inquired Dickey.

"Her stable! God bless you, sir!" answered Mr. Musgrave, "her stable is in my bedroom. I'm a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bed-post. I have had a manger put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my bedside."

Dickey was as astounded—as well he might be—at such unheard-of precautions; but, disguising his astonishment, he contented himself by simply expressing to the farmer his hearty approval of the means he adopted to secure the safety of his favorite.

"I suppose you have a good lock upon your bed-room door?" was Dickey's next "feeler."

"Come with me, and I will show it you," replied the unsuspecting farmer.

This was of course just what Dickey wanted. He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty. He, however, declared to Mr. Musgrave that it was "just the right sort of lock;" "it couldn't have been better, in fact;" "it was quite non-pickable," &c., &c.

Again the loving cup passed round, and after draining a bumper to their "next merry meeting," Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest's leave-taking had been completed, carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usual, tied his mare to her accustomed post, retired to bed, and was soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favorite's grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked round to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed, and that his blankets had been spread out upon the floor. For what purpose? thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible nightmare, or was he really awake? Mechanically his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there! She was gone—stolen! During the night some daring thief had broken into the farm-house, had picked the lock on the door of the bedroom, had spread the blankets over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and had thus triumphantly made off with his prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search after the thief. It was useless. The despoiler had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to return home disconsolate, and to content himself with venting curses—neither few nor far between—upon the thief.

In the meantime our friend Dickey—for his was the deed—was comfortably mounted upon Mr. Musgrave's favorite mare, and was every moment increasing the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of the mare that by break of day Dickey felt himself secure from pursuit. He had directed his steps to the eastward, and whilst crossing Haltwhistle Fell, whom should he encounter but the veritable owner of the oxen he had stolen two or three days before, and had just sold to Mr. Musgrave!

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but, luckily for the freebooter, that injured individual did not know *him*. He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels, similar to those which he described himself to Dick as being in search of.

"Why to be sure I have!" replied Dickey; "with the very same marks as you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave's fields at Lanercost, only yesterday. I was rather struck," he continued, "by their appearance, and learnt, on inquiry, from one of his servants that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Undoubtedly the oxen are yours. I would advise you to go to Lanercost at once, and claim them."

"Certainly I will," replied the other. "But I am knocked up with walking, and it is a long way to Lanercost. I see you ride a good beast. Will you sell her?"

After some hard bargaining, terms were agreed upon, the purchase money was paid down on the spot, and Dickey and the farmer separated; the former to seek his stolen oxen, actually from the very owner of the stolen mare he was himself riding; whilst Dickey proceeded, "where he listed."

The next day the farmer reached Lanercost, and, of course, at once recognized his own oxen grazing in the field. He forthwith rode up to an elderly man standing near, whom he judged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed:

"I say, friend, those are my oxen in your field! How may you have come by them?"

"And I'll be d—d," replied the other (after taking a long, astonished look at the animal on which his questioner was mounted,) "if that's not my mare you are riding! How may you have come by *her*, pray?"

Each of course decribed the person from whom they had respectively purchased the oxen and the mare; and when this was done, they discovered that they had indeed been "sold" by a rogue of no common order.

So laughable, however, did the joke appear—even to those who had to "pay the piper" in the affair—that neither party could prevent breaking into a peal of merriment when the particulars were fully disclosed.

It was now clear that the only way to settle the affair, was for each party to take back his own property. Mr. Musgrave was of course overjoyed at the recovery of his favorite mare; and the Denton Burn farmer, being equally delighted at the recovery of his favorite oxen—it fell out that, in the general burst of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey ultimately came to an untimely end, or whether he reformed his ways, and died, duly "shrived," in his own bed, history telleth not.

Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are "household words" in many parts of Northumberland, and the mention of his name among the peasantry is considered synonymous with "cuteness."

W. H. Cooke.

THE BEAUTY OF SEWING.

There is something very pleasant and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play, aside from the main business of life; but women, be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty, have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions. The woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen. The woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thought and accomplishments, love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied. And when the work falls in a woman's lap of its own accord, and the needle involuntarily ceases to fly, it is a sign of trouble, quite as trustworthy as the throb of the heart itself.

AFTER DEATH.

The curtains were half drawn; the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes; rosemary and may
Lay thick on the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say,
"Poor child, poor child;" and as he turned away,
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.

He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head;
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

SHAWLS MADE FROM HUMAN HAIR.

We copy from a London paper the following: Although tolerably well used to the wonders of modern enterprize and novel inventions, we confess that we have been rather taken by surprise at the daring idea of a new manufacture of shawls from the extraordinary material of the human hair. We believe that application has been made to the committee of the Great Exhibition for space to allow of the introduction of glass cases for the display of this singular product of the loom. Among the recommendations of these extraordinary shawls it is stated that they are warm, and light, and shining, and very durable, and that they resist the rain as well as any Mackintosh.

Notwithstanding all these merits, doubts are entertained whether taste or prejudice may not be against them. The beautiful lustrous hair, which is a sort of glory to the female head, while it waves in silken tresses, becomes less admirable when humiliated from its post of honor, and it may be doubted whether, as the collected *debris* of a hair-dresser's *salon*, ladies might not shrink with distaste from wearing the mingled strands from many heads over their own shoulders.

On the contrary side of the question, it must be remembered that most elegant ornaments are fabricated by those artists in hair, who seem to be born with a genius to the work; *only* these triumphs of ingenuity are prized as relics of friends beloved but lost. Time will show whether these shawls made from human hair will be patronized by the ladies.

☞ It is not against the will of the North or of the Government that the rebels are striving, but against the will of God, who, when He made this country the home of liberty, provided such natural features as must forever make us one people under one government.

☞ It is a remarkable fact that neither oats, barley, wheat, nor rye are ever found growing wild. Their existence marks the tiller of the soil, and although they should be found in the midst of solitude and silence, yet man has been a settler there.

A FEW PRACTICAL RULES.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* professes to have found the following old writing in an old, worm-eaten trunk:—

A FU PRACTICAL ROOLES.

Being the Xperiense of a lyfe, continued beyond III score yeers and X.

I.

Wouldest thee have gude riddence of some welthie fule, which often holden thee bye the button, consumeth thy preshus tyme, hangeth upon thy arm, and delayeth thee at corners—look downcast, when thee meetest; let a sigh escape thy busum now and then; hint at the hardness of the tymes—if all this doe not serve thy purpose, ask him to endorse thy note, and thee will surely find relief. This remedie has seldum fayled. Thee wilt see him no more.

II.

Dandeos be much about, and they be sumtymes annoying overmuch. If thee wouldest avoid such, as may be apt to fasten upon thy arm, on the public waie, let thy garments be made by an ouldfashioned taler, and sumwhat scedy withal.

III.

If thee be amorous in thy nature, and would make aute to some maiden, and, for gude caus, must pay thy aute, by proxie, unto her, emploie not a marriage broker, younger and comlier than thyself, lest, peradventure, he may become the principal. This hint came to me from my gude frend Capten Myles.

I have no doubt Myles Standish is here referred to, and his affair with John Alden and the Mullins girl. It proves pretty clearly that Lathers came over in the Mayflower; and it is hard to account for the omission of his name by Gov. Bradford.

IV.

If one, who is neither thy particular frend, nor thy nabur, nor withal thy leech, seemeth over anxshus about thy bowils; if he crosseth the hieway, when he noteth thy advent, and taketh thy hand, and looketh up in thy face, with much interest, and enquireth how thee rested; and, especially, if, after telling thee how much he thinketh of thee, he turneth back, and, agen squeezing thy hand, beggeth thee, for God's sake, to take care of thyself—then be upon thy gard, not to be taken by surprise, for that man purposeth to borrow thy money.

V.

If thee beest a widiwer, and hast yung children, and a maden ladie, whom it would be inexpedient for thee to wed, is "*sure they are darlings*," be upon thy gard. But if she, who is "*sure they are darlings*," be herself a widy, and thee wouldest not surrender thy liberty, thee hadest better take thy little ones and flee into a far countrie, and that right airley; else the widy will do unto thee as did Pharaoh unto the children of Israel—she will not let thee go.

VI.

If thee hast dun no wrong, be content with thy conscious innocence—take not too much pains to proove thyself right.

VII.

If the beest ailing or afflicted, and needest the sympathy of thy frends and naburs, study the human heart, and be sure to keep the secret of thy misfortunes to thyself. Remember the truthful words of Solomon—*every man is a frend to him that giveth gifts*—not when he is poor and powerless.

VIII.

If thee would'at not be hatefully remembered, never ask a spinster, which was the elder, she or her sister, whose funeral thee attended ten years before; nor even allude to false teeth, or frizettes, before ladies of thirty-three.

IX.

Whether thee goest to Heaven or not, it is pleasant and helpful that men should so believe of thee—therefore be sure to stand well with the sexton, entertain thy parson hansumly, and contribute freely for the bell and the organ.

X.

If, by the manufacture or sale of rum, thee hast driven thy fello critters, by battalions, headlong to the devil—do something without delay, for the glory of God, by the wale of safety valve. Jine the church forthwith; go on, praying, whilst thee sellest, to balance the account.

XI.

Beest thee hopefulle of a legacy from an aged frend? When he telleth thee, for the twentieth time, the story of his adventure with the wolf, commit not the fatal error of informing him that thee has herd that story before.

XII.

When the skill, or the good name, of one of thy profession is assailed, thee wilt look wise, and hold thy tung. The profit hereof is foretold—thee wilt be marked for thy prudence—thee wilt, by thy silence, give consent to the speaker, and do that, which is agreeable unto him, without committing thyself—thy silence will more surely damn thy brother than thine open speech—and thee wilt be likely to get a part of his business into thine own hands.

XIII.

When thy daughter, Airybellie, informeth thee, that Mr. McToodles, of whom thee hast but a poor opinion, hath *proposed*, thee mayest conclude, they are *engaged*. When she asketh thy consent, in some pashun withal, thee mayest be surtin Airybellie purposeth to elope. If thee forbiddest McToodles thy house, thee wilt be likely on the morrow, to see thy daughter Airybellie's window open, and a ladder thereunder—and ere long, thee wilt receive a letter, asking thy forgiveness, from Airybellie McToodles.

XIV.

It hath been said, by them of old time, that *blud will creep*, and the same thing hath been asserted truly of the sloth, and of the snail. It hath also been said, that *blud is thicker than water*, and the same thing hath been said of mud and the like. Albeit these things be so—yet, if thee wouldest, that thy kith and kin should cleave unto thee, do well for thyself; and, if thee wouldest encourage them to bring material aid, let them know, for a surtenty beforehand, in some quiet way, that thou needest it not, and art well to do in the world.

XV.

When thy acknowledged implores thee to *fix the day*, and somewhat hath come to thine ears, which causeth thee to desire a postponement—watch thine opportunity—when he professeth his undying love, and only wishet thee wert without a farthing, that he might prove his devotion—say unto him, with thy sweetest expression—"dearest Alonzer, thee knowest those nine orphan children of my deceased sister, poor Ruthy, are left pennilees; and I think of making a settlement of two-thirds of my estate, for their benefit; surely, if we live snugly, we can get along, on love and the interest of the remainder." Thy devoted will readily agree to thy wishes, touching the postponement.

XVI.

If an ancestor of thy valued frend, or thy frend himself, hath met with the untoward accident of being set in the pillory, and it so happeneth that he breaketh his fast with thee, be ever mindful not to inquire, if he will have *another egg*.

XVII.

Revenge may be sweet in the mouth, when thy blood is up—but it is bitter in the belly, when the almond tree doth flourish, and life is on its lees. It is better to suffer wrong, than to do wrong.

XVIII.

Put not thy faith in a leech, however learned, who dabbleth in the stocks, or speculateth much; his thoughts will be upon his notes, than upon thy symptoms; and he may fall into the error of him, who, having prescribed twenty-four pills of calomel and colocinth, wrote beneath—"*quarter part down, balance in ninety days.*"

XIX.

Never hurry an apothecary; and never suffer thyself to be hurried, when thee seeth not thy way clearly before thee. To him, who importuneth thee to make haste, in a matter, which thou understandeth not, say—*thee will think of it.*

XX.

Give thine alms with discretion. Fool not thy money away upon the three Miss Pipses, however pretty spoken, or earnest they may be, in favor of their mission—they are a committee of the female auxiliary society, for the diffusion of spring physic and pincushions, among the heathen.

L. L.

7th mo., 1023.

OUR HAIR.

God covered the skull with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice.—It exposes the brain. God covered a part of man's face with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes, likewise, say wise physiologists.

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps! Women are never bald, except by disease. They do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head. not if they have been bald twenty years.—The close cap holds the heat and perspiration. Thereby the hair glands become weak—the hair falls out. What will restore it? Nothing, after the scalp becomes shiny.—But if in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is best:—Wash the head freely with cold water once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss and restore what is susceptible of restoration.

What will beautify a woman's hair?—Whatever will invigorate the hair glands.—Oils and most other applications debilitate the hair glands. Cold water is best. At first the head looks like a witch, but after a few weeks it makes the hair luxuriant. By the persistent use of cold water, I have seen thin, poor hair become rich and curly. Only the part of the hair next the scalp should be wet. It must be thoroughly dried.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

Fac simile of the Original Manuscript of Gray's "Elegy."—Messrs. Cundall and Downes have produced a photographic fac-simile of a copy of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The original copy belongs to Mr. H. C. Wrighton, by whom it was purchased seven or eight years ago, at the sale of Mr. Penn's Gray MSS., for £121. It is in the autograph of Gray, and the folding and creasing of the paper show that it was a copy carried about in a pocket-book, probably to be read at tea-drinkings and sentimental gossips. Some of the verses were afterwards cut away by the poet, and many expressions altered to the manifest improvement of his work. Thus we read in this draft of his memorable lines—

"Some mute, inglorious *Tully* here may rest,
Some *Cæsar*, guiltless of his country's blood."

A critic, Mason, as is well known, suggested the alteration from Tully to Milton and from Cæsar to Cromwell; every reader will at once perceive that the critic was, in this instance, a true poet.

☞ Many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes the flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden his pathway.

☞ Many of the husbands in Aroostook county, Maine, having gone to the war, their wives are clearing lands, and doing all sorts of hard work.

THE HELMET.

Where the standard waved the thickest,
  And the tide of battle rolled,
Furiously he charged the foemen
  On his snow-white steed so bold;
But he wore no guarding helmet,
  Only his long hair of gold.

"Turn and fly! thou rash young warrior,
  Or this iron helmet wear."
"Nay, but I am armed already,
  In the brightness of my hair,
For my mother kissed its tresses
  With the lips of holy prayer."

THE TIDES.

These phenomena have, in all ages, excited curiosity, and in many instances they have produced wonder at their extraordinary height and fury. It is related of the soldiers of Alexander the *Great*, who were natives of the Mediterranean shores, that when they reached the confines of the Indian Ocean, and saw its waters rolling up to a great height, and then flowing back, twice every day, they became alarmed, and attributed the phenomena to a special interposition of the deities of the country which they had invaded. Various remarkable theories have been advanced regarding the tides. Many of these are so truly absurd that it is hardly worth while to refer to them. Persons find it difficult to understand why the tides are higher at one time than another, and why they rise to the height of sixty feet in the Bay of Fundy; forty feet in the ports of Bristol, England, and St. Malo, France, and only rise to a few feet in height at New York and other places, while they are scarcely perceptible in the Baltic and other seas. Descartes was the first philosopher who advanced the theory that the tides were due to the influence of the moon, but Newton was the first who worked out the problem and discovered the true cause. Descartes believed that the moon acted on the waters of the ocean by pressure; Newton demonstrated that it acted on the ocean by attraction; that instead of pressing the waters it rolled them up directly under it, and also at its antipodes at the same time, thus producing the two tides every day. The tides are attractions of both the sun and moon. If the earth had no moon, the attraction of the sun would produce two tides every day, but their ebb and flow would take place at the same hours, not varying as they do now; these tides would also be much smaller than those of the moon. Although the mass of the sun is far greater than that of the moon, and though attraction is in proportion to the mass, yet it is also inversely as the square of the distance. As the sun, therefore, is four hundred times more distant than the moon, the attraction of the waters of the sea towards the sun is found to be about three times less than those of the moon. There are really two ocean tides, the lunar and solar, but the latter is absorbed by the former, which is wholly observable in respect to the time, the solar only, as it influences the height of the tidal wave. That caused by the moon is three times greater than that of the sun, and it follows the moon's motion around the earth, rising and falling every twelve hours, and each succeeding tide later by three-quarters of an hour than the preceding one, exactly in accordance with the positions of the moon, or, as it is commonly called, its rising and setting.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S STORIES.

The following letter is from Mr. M. K., of St. Charles, Illinois. It explains the cause of the apparent absence of a religious element in the writings of Miss Edgeworth, which has been so often noticed, and so much regretted. The explanation is most creditable to the religious sentiments of that elegant writer.

Dear Madam:—In your last May number you make some remarks about Miss Edgeworth. I wish to tell you that upwards of thirty years ago I was intimately acquainted with her niece, Maria Edgeworth—that we frequently talked upon the subject, and she said her aunt often regretted she was proscribed from introducing religion into her works, but she had entered into a compact with her father, Mr. Loval Edgeworth, that if he would abstain from introducing infidel opinions into his works, she would not touch upon religion, but hers should be only *moral* essays, for of two evils she thought *that* would be the least. We both married. Maria went to India and I came here—so our acquaintance ceased—but I thought it only *justice* to the memory of Miss E. to mention what I know to be a fact.

Chivalrous Heroine.—The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1890, Hotot having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hotot was laid up with the gout. Rather than he should suffer in his honor, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pie, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shoulders, discovered her sex. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family; and in honor of this heroic action her descendants have always used the above crest, with the motto *Gaia spes salutis.*

☞ He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

☞ Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

DRAWING NEARER.

"For now is your salvation nearer than when ye believed."

Nearer? yes! we felt it not
'Mid the rushing of the strife,
As we mourned our changeful lot,
Toiled beneath our shadowed life,
By each step our worn feet trod,
We were drawing near to God.

When the day was all withdrawn,
And we walked in ten-fold night;
When we panted for the dawn
Of the ever-blessed light;
In those hours of darkness dim,
We were drawing near to Him.

When, beneath the sudden stroke,
All our joys of life went down—
When our best-beloved broke
Earthly bounds, to take their crown—
By the upward path they trod,
Nearer drew we to our God.

In those days of bitter woe
When we saw their smile no more—
When our hearts were bleeding slow—
Stricken—stricken—oh, how sore!
While we lay beneath the rod,
We were nearer to our God!

When upon our lifted eye
Gleamed a vision of our home,
When we saw the glory high,
Flooding all that spotless dome;
In that hour of raptured sight,
Press'd we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling, and depress'd;
Shrouded with the mists of tears,
We were passing to our rest!
Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer heaven!

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

REALLY GONE!

Mrs. Jenkins had many virtues. Besides the cardinal one which has been particularly brought under the reader's notice—that of keeping her husband in due subjection—she also possessed, in an eminent degree, the excellent quality of being a most active housewife. In fact, she had the bump of rule and order, and personally superintended everything—with hands and tongue.

Amongst other careful habits, was that of never letting anybody put a finger on her best sitting-room, for the purpose of cleaning it, except herself. She called it her drawing-room,—a small, pretty room over the shop, very well furnished. It was let to Mr. Harper, with the bed-room behind it. Had Lydia dared even to wipe the dust off a table, it might have cost her her place. Mrs. Jenkins was wont to slip her old buff dressing-gown over her clothes, after she was dressed in a morning, and partake herself to this drawing-room. Twice a week it was carefully swept, and on those occasions a large green handkerchief, tied cornerwise upon Mrs. Jenkins's head, to save her cap from dust, was added to her costume.

On the morning following Roland's communication to Mr. Galloway, Mrs. Jenkins was thus occupied—a dust-pan in one hand, a short hand-broom in the other—for you may be sure she did not sweep *her* carpets with those long, slashing, tear-away brooms that wear out a carpet in six months—and the green kerchief adjusted gracefully over her ears—when she heard a man's footsteps clattering up the stairs. In much astonishment as to who could have invaded the house at that hour, Mrs. Jenkins rose up from her knees and flung open the door.

It was Roland Yorke, coming up at the top of his speed, with a carpet bag in his hand.

"Whatever do you want?" exclaimed she. "Is anything the matter?"

"The matter is, that I want to say a word to Jenkins," replied Roland. "I know he must be in bed, so I just ran straight through the shop and up."

"I'm sure you are very polite!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins. "For all you knew, I might have been in the room."

"So you might!" cried easy Roland. "I never thought of that. I should not have swallowed you, Mrs. Jenkins. Take care! I have hardly a minute to spare. I shall lose the train."

On he went, up the second flight of stairs, without the slightest hesitation, and into Jenkins's room, ignoring the ceremony of knocking. Poor Jenkins, who had heard the colloquy, and recognized Roland's voice, was waiting for him with wondering eyes.

"I am off, Jenkins," said Roland, advancing and bending over the bed. "I wouldn't go without just saying a word to you."

"Off where, sir?" returned Jenkins, who could not have looked more bewildered had he been suddenly aroused from sleep.

"To Port Natal. I am sick and tired of everything here, so I am off at last."

Jenkins was struck dumb. Of course, the first thought that passed through his mind was Mr. Galloway's discomfiture, unless he had prepared for it.

"This is very sudden, sir!" he cried, when speech came to him. "Who is replacing you at the office?"

"Nobody," replied Roland. "That's the primest bit in the whole play. Galloway will know what work is, now. I told him yesterday morning that I should go, but he went into a tantrum, and didn't take it in earnest. He pointed out to me about sixty things as my day's work to-day, when he left the office last night; errands to go upon, and writings to do, and answers to give, and the office to mind! A glorious commotion there'll be, when he finds it's all thrown upon his own hands. He'll see how *he* likes work."

Jenkins could do nothing but stare. Roland went on—

"I have just slipped round there now, to leave a message, with my compliments. It will turn his hair green when he hears it, and finds I am really gone. Do you feel any better, Jenkins?"

The question was put in a different tone; a soft, gentle tone—one in which Roland rarely spoke. He had never seen Jenkins look so ill as he was looking now.

"I shall never feel any better in this world, sir."

"Well, give us your hand, Jenkins; I must be off. You are the only one, old fellow, that I have said good-bye to. You have been a good lot, Jenkins, and done things for me that other clerks would not. Good luck to you, old chap, whether you get into the next world, or whether you stop in this!"

"God bless you, Mr. Roland! God bless you everywhere!"

Roland leaped down the stairs. Mrs. Jenkins stood at the drawing-room door.

"Good-bye!" said he to her. "You see I should not have had time to eat you. What d'ye call that thing you have got upon your head, Mrs. Jenkins? Only wear it to church next Sunday, and you'll set the fashion."

Away he tore to the station. The first person he saw there, officials excepted, was Hamish Channing, who had gone to it for the purpose of seeing a friend off by the train. The second, was Lady Augusta Yorke.

Hamish he saw first, as he was turning away from getting his ticket.

"Hamish," said he, "you'll tell Arthur that I did not come round to him for a last word; I shall write it from London."

"Roland"—and Hamish spoke more gravely than was his wont—"you are starting upon a wild-goose scheme."

"It is *not*," said Roland; "why do you preach up nonsense? If the worst came to the worst, I should come back to Carrick, and he'd set me on my legs again. I tell you, Hamish, I have a hundred reasons to urge me away from Helstonleigh."

"Is this carpet-bag all your luggage?"

"All I am taking with me. The rest will be sent afterwards. Had I dispatched the bell-man about the town to announce my departure, I might have got stopped; so I have told nobody, except poor old harmless Jenkins."

Of course it never occurred to proud and improvident Roland that it was possible to travel in any carriage but a first-class one. A first-class ticket he took, and into a first-class compartment he got. Fortunate it was that it was an empty one. Hamish was filling up the door, talking to him, when sounds of distress were heard coming swiftly along the platform. Before Hamish had time to look what caused them, they were close upon his ear, and he found himself vehemently pushed aside, just as Roland himself might have pushed him. He turned with surprise,—Panting, breathless, in tears, wailing out that she should never see her darling son again, stood the Lady Augusta Yorke.

What could be the cause of her appearance there in that state? The cause was Roland. On the previous day he had held a second conversation with his mother, picturing the glories of Port Natal in colors so vivid, that the thought nearly crossed my lady's mind, couldn't she go, too, and make *her* fortune? She then inquired when he meant to start. "Oh," answered Roland, carelessly, "between now and a week's time." The real fact was that he contemplated being away on the following morning, before my lady was up. Roland's motive was not an unfilial one. He knew how she excited herself over these partings; the violent, if short, grief to which she gave the reins; he remembered what it had been on the departure of his brother George. One other motive also held weight with him, and induced reticence. It was very desirable, remembering that he was not perfectly free from claims upon his purse, that he should depart, if not absolutely *sub rosa*, still without its being extensively known; and that, he knew, would be next door to an impossibility, were the exact period imparted to my lady. Lady Augusta Yorke could not have kept a secret for a single hour, had it been to save her life. Accordingly, she retired to rest in blissful ignorance; and in ignorance she might have remained until he was fairly off but for Roland's own want of caution. Up with daylight—and daylight, you know, does not surprise us too early when the dark days of November are close at hand—Roland began turning over his drawers and closets, to pick out the few articles he meant to carry with him; the rest would be packed afterwards. This aroused his mother, whose room was underneath his, and she angrily wondered what he could be doing. Not for some time, until after the noise ceased, did the faintest suspicion of the truth break upon her, and it might not then but for the sudden remembrance which rose in her mind of Roland's particularly affectionate farewell the night previously. Lady Augusta rang her bell.

"Do you know what Mr. Roland is about in his room?" she inquired, when Martha answered it.

"Mr. Roland is gone out, my lady," was Martha's reply. "He came down in the kitchen and drank a cup of coffee! and then he went out with a carpet-bag."

Lady Augusta became excited.

"Where's he gone?" she wildly asked.

"Somewhere by rail, I think, my lady. He said, as he drank his coffee, that he hoped our heads wouldn't ache till he saw us again. Cook and me couldn't think what he meant, my lady."

My lady divined only too well. She gave a prolonged series of shrieks, jumped out of bed, flung on any clothes that came uppermost, and started in pursuit of him, to the intense wonder of Martha, and to the astonishment of Helstonleigh as she flew wildly through the streets to the station. The sight of Hamish at a carriage door guided her to her runagate son.

She sprung into the carriage—it was well, I say, that it was empty!—and overwhelmed him with a torrent of reproaches, all the while kissing and hugging him. Not two minutes could be given to their farewell, for the time was up, and Lady Augusta had to descend again, weeping bitterly.

"Take care of her home, Hamish," said Roland, putting his head out. "Mother, dear, you'll live to say I have done well yet. You'll see me come home, one of these fine days, with a covered wagon after me, bringing the bags of gold." Poor Roland!

The train steamed off, and Lady Augusta, to the discomfiture of Hamish, and admiration of the porters and station boys, set off at full speed after it, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and sobbing and shrieking out that "She'd go—she'd go with it! that she should never see her darling boy again!" With some difficulty Hamish soothed her down to tolerable calmness, and put her into a fly.

They were scarcely beyond the station when she suddenly bent forward to Hamish, who sat on the seat opposite to her, and seized his hands.

"Is it true that everybody gets rich who goes to Port Natal?"

The question was a poser for sunny Hamish. He liked to scatter flowers in his path, rather than thorns. How could he tell that grieving woman that Roland—careless, lazy, improvident Roland—would be almost sure to return in a worse plight than he had gone?

"I have heard of people doing well at Port Natal," he answered; "and Roland is young and strong, and has years before him."

"I cannot think how so much money can be made," continued my lady, beginning to dry her tears. "There are no gold fields there, are there?"

"I think not," said Hamish.

"They must trade, then, I suppose. And, goodness me! what does Roland know about trading? Nothing. He talks of taking out tools and frying-pans."

"Frying-pans!" repeated Hamish, struck with the item.

"I am sure he said frying-pans. Oh, dear!" sobbed Lady Augusta, "what a relief it would be if folks never had any children! or if boys did not possess wills of their own! Hamish, you have never given sorrow to *your* mother! I feel that you have not!"

Hamish smiled at her.

"Now you know, Lady Augusta, that your children are your dearest treasures," cried he, soothingly. "You would be the most unhappy woman living if you had none."

"Ah! you can't judge, Mr. Hamish Channing. You have no children of your own."

"No," said Hamish, laughing, "but my turn may come some day. Dear Lady Augusta, if Roland has his faults, he has his good qualities. Look on the bright side of things. Look forward with hope to the time that you shall see him home safe and well again. It will be sure to come."

"You speak as if you believed it would."

"Of course I do," said Hamish, "and everybody finds me a true prophet."

They were then passing the Hazledon charity. At the iron gates of the inclosure stood the Rev. William Yorke.

"Roland left a message for him!" exclaimed Hamish, half mockingly, as his eyes fell upon the clergyman.

Lady Augusta, all impulse ever, suddenly put her head out at the window and stopped the fly. William Yorke, looking surprised to see who were its inmates, advanced to the door. The lady's tears flowed afresh.

"He is gone, William! My darling, self-willed troublesome boy is gone, and I shall, perhaps, never see him more till I am an old woman."

"Who is gone?" returned Mr. Yorke.

"Roland. Never was a mother so tried as I. He will soon be on the sea, ploughing his way to Port Natal. I wish there was no sea!—no Port Natals! He went off without saying a word to me, and he is GONE!"

Mr. Yorke, bewildered, turned his eyes on Hamish for explanation. He had never heard of the Port Natal project. Hamish nodded in confirmation.

"The best place for him," said Mr. Yorke. "He must work for his bread there before he eats it."

Lady Augusta shrieked:

"How cruelly hard you are, William!"

"Not hard, Lady Augusta—kind," he gently said. "If your boys were brought up to depend upon their own exertions more, they would make better men."

"You said you had a message for him from Roland?" resumed Lady Augusta, looking at Hamish.

Hamish smiled significantly.

"Not much of one," he said, and his lips, as he bent towards William Yorke, assumed an expression of sarcastic severity. "He merely requested me, after he was in the train, to give his love to the Rev. Mr. Yorke, as a parting legacy."

Either the words or the tone, probably the latter, struck on the Rev. Mr. Yorke's self-esteem, and flushed his cheek crimson. Since the rupture with Constance, Hamish, though not interfering in the remotest degree, had maintained a tone of quiet sarcasm to Mr. Yorke. And though Mr. Yorke did not like it, he could not hinder it.

"When does Mr. Channing return?" he abruptly asked of Hamish.

"We shall be expecting him shortly, now."

Lady Augusta gave the signal for the fly to drive on. William Yorke put his hand over the door and took hers, as the man began to whip up his horse.

"Do not grieve too much after him, Lady Augusta. It may prove to be the best day's work Roland ever did. God has given him hands, and brains; and a good heart, as I verily believe. If he shall only learn their value out there, let his lines be ever so hard, he may come home a wise and a good man. One of my poor pensioners here said to me, not ten minutes ago, 'I was brought to know my Saviour, sir, through hard lines.' Lady Augusta, those 'hard lines' are never sent in vain."

CHAPTER II.

AN ARRIVAL IN A FLY.

Was anybody ever so ill used as that unfortunate Mr. Galloway? On the morning which witnessed his troublesome clerk's departure, he sat rather longer than usual over his breakfast, never dreaming of the calamity in store for him. That his thoughts were given to business, there was no doubt, for his newspaper lay untouched. In point of fact, his mind was absorbed by the difficulties which had arisen in his office, and the ways and means by which those difficulties might be best remedied.

That it would be impossible to get on with Roland Yorke alone, he had said to himself twenty times; and now he was saying it again, little supposing, poor unconscious man, that even Roland, bad as he was, had taken flight. He had never intended to get along with only Roland, but circumstances had induced him to attempt doing so for a time. In the first place, he had entertained hopes, until very recently, that Jenkins would recover; in the second place, failing Jenkins, there was nobody in the wide world he would so soon have in his office as Arthur Channing—provided that Arthur could prove his innocence. With Arthur and Roland, he could go on very well, or with Jenkins and Roland; but poor Jenkins appeared to be getting beyond hope; and Arthur's innocence was no nearer the light than it had been, in spite of that strange coming back to him of the money. Moreover, Arthur had declined to return to the office, even to help with the copying, preferring to take it home. All these reflections were pressing upon the mind of Mr. Galloway.

"I'll wait no longer," said he, as he brought them to a conclusion. "I'll go this very day after that young Bartlett. I think he might suit, with some drilling. If he turns out a second Yorke, I shall have a nice pair upon my hands. But he can't well turn out as bad as Roland: he comes of a more business-like stock."

This point settled, Mr. Galloway took up the *Times*. Something in its pages awoke his interest, and he sat longer over it than it had been his wont to do since the departure of Jenkins. It was twenty minutes past nine by his watch when he started for his office.

"Now, I wonder how I shall find that gentleman?" soliloquized he, when he drew near. "Amusing himself, as usual, of course. He'll have made a show of putting out the papers, and there they will be, lying unopened. He'll be at Aunt Sally with the letters, or dancing a quadrille with the stools, or got himself stretched three parts out of the window, saluting the passengers. I never thought he'd do me much good, and should not have taken him, but for the respect I owed the late Dr. Yorke. Now for it."

It was all very well for Mr. Galloway to say, "Now for it," and to put his hand stealthily upon the door-handle, with the intention of pouncing suddenly upon his itinerant pupil. But the door would not open. Mr. Galloway turned, and turned, and shook the handle, like our respected friend Mr. Ketch did when he was locked in the cloisters, but he turned it to no purpose.

"He has not come yet!" wrathfully exclaimed Mr. Galloway. "All the work of the office on his shoulders and mine, the most busy time of the whole year, and here's half-past nine, and no appearance of him! If I live this day out, I'll complain to Lady Augusta!"

At this moment the housekeeper's little maid came running forward.

"Where's Mr. Yorke?" thundered the proctor, in his anger, as if the child had the keeping of him.

"Please, sir, he's gone to Port Natal."

"Gone to what?" uttered Mr. Galloway.

She was unlocking the door, and then stood back to curtsey while Mr. Galloway entered, following in after him—an intelligent child for her years.

"Please, sir, Mr. Yorke came round this morning, while me and missis was a dusting of the place, and he said we was to tell Mr. Galloway, when he come, that he had left his compliments, and gone to Port Natal."

"It is not true," cried Mr. Galloway.—"How dare he play these tricks?" he added, to himself.

"Please, sir, missis said she thought as it was true, 'cause he had got a carpet bag," returned the young servant.

Mr. Galloway stared at the child.

"You go round at once to Lady Augusta's," said he, "and ask what Mr. Yorke means by being so late. I desire that he will come immediately."

The child flew off, and Mr. Galloway, hardly knowing what to make of matters, proceeded to do what he ought to have found done. He and Jenkins had duplicate keys to the desks, letter-box, &c. Since Jenkins's illness, his keys had been in possession of Roland. Presently the child came back again.

"Please, sir, her ladyship's compliments, and Mr. Roland have gone to Port Natal."

The consternation that this would have caused Mr. Galloway, had he believed it, might have been pitiable. An intimation that our clerk, who was in the office the previous night, pursuing his legitimate work, has "gone to Port Natal," like we might say of somebody who goes to make a morning call at the next door, is not very creditable. Neither did Mr. Galloway give credence to it.

"Did you see her ladyship?" he asked.

"Please, sir, I saw one of the servants, and she went to her ladyship, and brought out the message."

The young messenger retired, leaving Mr. Galloway to his fate. He persisted in assuming that the news was too absurd to be correct; but a dreadful inward misgiving began to steal over him.

The question was set at rest by the Lady Augusta. Feeling excessively vexed with Roland, at not having informed Mr. Galloway of his intended departure—as from the message, it would appear he had not done—she determined to go round; and did so, following closely on the heels of the maid. Her ladyship had already wonderfully recovered her spirits. They were of a mercurial nature, liable to go up and down at touch; and Hamish had contrived to cheer her greatly.

"What does all this mean? Where's Roland?" began Mr. Galloway, showing little more deference to her ladyship, in his flurry, than he might have have shown to Roland himself.

"Did you not know he was going?" she asked.

"I know nothing. Where is he gone?"

"He has started for Port Natal; that is, he has started for London, on his way to it. He went by the eight o'clock train."

Mr. Galloway sat down in consternation.

"My lady, allow me to inquire what sort of behavior you call this?"

"Whether it is good or bad, right or wrong, I can't help it," was the reply of Lady Augusta. "I'm sure *I* have enough to bear!" she added, melting into tears. "Of course he ought to have informed you of his intention, Mr. Galloway. I thought he did. He told me he had done so."

A reminiscence of Roland's communication crossed Mr. Galloway's mind; of his words, "Don't say I did not give you notice, sir." He had paid no heed to it then.

"He is just another of my headstrong boys," grumbled Lady Augusta. "They are all specimens of wilfulness. I never knew that it was this morning he intended to be off, until he was gone, and I had to run after him to the station. Ask Hamish Channing."

"He must be mad!" exclaimed Mr. Galloway.

"He says great fortunes are made, out at Port Natal. I don't know whether it is so."

"Great fortunes made!" irascibly responded Mr. Galloway. "Pittances that folks go out with are lost, when they are such as he. That's what it is. Harem-scarem chaps, who won't work, can do no good at Port Natal. Great fortunes made, indeed! I wonder that you can be led away by notions so wild and extravagant, Lady Augusta!"

"I am not led away by them," peevishly returned Lady Augusta, a recollection of her own elation on the point of darting unpleasantly to her mind. "Where would have been the use of my holding out against it, when he had got his heart upon the thing? He would have gone in spite of me. Do you *not* think fortunes are made there, Mr. Galloway?"

"I am sure they are not, by such as Roland," was the reply. "A man who works one hour in the day, and plays eleven, would do less good at Port Natal than he would in his own country. A business man, thoroughly industrious, and possessing some capital, may make something at Port Natal, as he would at any other port. In the course of years he might realize a fortune—in the course of *years*, I say, Lady Augusta."

This was not precisely the prospect Roland had pictured to Lady Augusta, or to which her own imagination had lent its hues, and she stood in commotion nearly equal to Mr. Galloway's.

"What on earth will he do, then, when he gets there?" ejaculated she.

"Find out his mistake, my lady, and come home without a coat to his back, as hundreds have done before him, and worked their passage home, to get here. It is to be hoped he will have to do the same. It will teach him what work is."

"There never was such an unhappy mother as I am!" bewailed my lady. "They *will* do just as they like, and always would, from George downwards: they won't listen to me. Poor dear boy! reduced, perhaps, to live on brown bread and pea-soup!"

"And lucky to get that!" cried angry Mr. Galloway. "But the present question, Lady Augusta, is not what he may do when he gets to Port Natal, but what I am to do without him, here. Look at the position it has placed me in!"

Lady Augusta could give neither help nor counsel. In good truth, it was not her fault. But she saw that Mr. Galloway seemed to think it was hers, or that it was partially hers. She departed home again, feeling cross with Roland, feeling damped about his expedition, and beginning to fancy that Port Natal might not, after all, bring her diamonds to wear, or offer her streets paved with malachite marble to drive upon.

Mr. Galloway sat down, and reiterated the question in relation to himself which Lady Augusta had put regarding Roland when he should arrive at Port Natal—What on earth was he to do? He could not close his office—he could not perform its various duties himself; he could not be out of doors and in at one and the same time, unless, indeed, he cut himself in two! What *was* he to do?"

It was more than Mr. Galloway could tell. He put his two hands upon his knees and stared in consternation, feeling himself grow hot and cold alternately. Could Roland—then whirling along in the train, reclining at his ease, his legs up on the opposite cushion as he enjoyed a luxurious pipe, to the inestimable future benefit of the carriage—have taken a view of Mr. Galloway and his discomfiture, his delight would have been unbounded.

"Incorrigible as he was, he was better than nobody," ejaculated Mr. Galloway, rubbing up his flaxen curls. "He could keep office, if he did not do much in it; he received and answered callers; he went out on hasty messages; and, upon a pinch, he did accomplish an hour or so's copying. I am down on my beam ends, and no mistake.—What a simpleton the fellow must be! Port Natal, indeed, for him! If Lord Carrick were not own brother to my lady, he might have the sense to stop it. Why, he—"

Arrival the first, and nobody to answer it but Mr. Galloway! A fly had driven up and stopped at the door. Nobody appeared to be getting out of it, so Mr. Galloway, perforce, proceeded to see what it wanted. It might contain one of the chapter, or the dean himself!

But, by the time he reached the pavement, the inmates were descending. A short lady, in a black bonnet and short black skirts, had let herself out on the opposite side, and had come round to assist somebody out on this. Was it a ghost, or was it a man? His cheeks were hollow and hectic, his eyes were glistening as with fever, his nostrils and his cheek heaved in concert. He had got a fur boa wrapped round his neck, and his over-coat hung in plaits on his tall, attenuated form, which seemed too weak to support itself, or to get down the fly steps without being lifted down.

"Now don't you be in a hurry!" the lady was saying, in a cross tone. "You'll come pitch into the mud with your nose. Can't you wait? It's my belief you are wanting to do it. Here, let me get firm hold of you; you know you are as weak as ever was a rat!"

You may recognize the voice as belonging to Mrs. Jenkins, and that poor shadow could be nobody but Jenkins himself, for there certainly was not another like it in all Helstonleigh. Mr. Galloway stood in astonishment, wondering what this new move could mean. The descent accomplished, Jenkins was conducted by his wife through the passage to the office. He went straight to his old place at his desk, and sat down on his stool, his chest palpitating, his breath coming in great sighs—great heaving bursts. Laying his hat beside him, he turned respectfully to Mr. Galloway, who had followed him in, speaking with all his native humility—

"I have come, sir, to do what I can for you in this emergency."

And there he stopped—coughing, panting, shaking; looking like a man more fit to be lying on his dying bed than to be keeping office. Mr. Galloway gazed at him with compassion. He said nothing. Jenkins at that moment could neither have heard nor answered, and Mrs. Jenkins was out, paying the fly-driver.

The paroxysm was not over when she came in. She approached Jenkins, slightly shook him—her mode of easing the cough—dived in his pockets for his silk handkerchief, with which she wiped his brow, took off the fur from his neck, waited till he was quiet, and began—

"I hope you are satisfied? If you are not, you ought to be. Who's to know whether you'll get back alive? *I* don't."

"What did he come for?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's just what I want to know! As if he could do any good in the state he is! Look at him, sir."

Poor Jenkins, who was indeed a sight to be looked at, turned his wan face upon Mr. Galloway.

"I cannot do much, sir, I know; I wish I could: but I can sit in the office—at least, I hope I can—just to take care of it while you are out, sir, until you can find somebody to replace Mr. Roland."

"How did you know he was gone off?" demanded Mr. Galloway.

"It was in this way," interposed Mrs. Jenkins, ages before poor Jenkins could gather breath to answer. "I was on my hands and knees, brushing the fluff off my drawing-room carpet this morning, when I heard something tearing up the stairs at the rate of a coach-and-six. Who should it be but young Mr. Yorke, on his way to Jenkins in bed, without saying so much as 'With your leave,' or 'By your leave.' A minute or two, and down he came again, gave me a little touch of his impudence, and was gone before I could answer. Well, sir, I kept on at my room, and when it was done I went downstairs to see about the breakfast, never suspecting what was going on with *him*"—pointing her finger at Jenkins. "I was pouring out his tea when it was ready to take up to him, and putting a bit of something on a plate, which I intended to make him eat, when I heard something creeping down the stairs—stumbling, and panting, and coughing and out I rushed. There stood he—*he*, Mr. Galloway! dressed and washed as you see him now! he that has not got up lately till evening, and me dressing him, then! 'Have you took leave of your senses?' said I to him. 'No,' said he, 'my dear, but I must go to the office to-day; I can't help myself. Young Mr. Yorke's gone away, and there'll be nobody.' 'And good luck go with him, for all the use he's of here, getting you out of your bed,' said I. If Jenkins were as strong as he'd used to be, I should have felt tempted to treat him to a shaking, and then, perhaps, he'd have remembered it!"

"Mr. Roland told me he was going away, sir, and that you had nobody to replace him; indeed, I gathered that you were ignorant of the step," struck in the quiet, meek voice of poor Jenkins. "I *could* not stay away, sir, knowing the perplexity you would be put to."

"No, it's my belief he could not," tartly chimed in Jenkins's lady. "He would have tantalised himself into a fever. Why, Mr. Galloway, had I marched him back to his bed and turned the key upon him, he'd have been capable of letting himself down by a cord from his window, in the face and eyes of all the street, could he have found a pulley to tie it to. Now, Jenkins, I'll have none of your contradiction! you know you would."

"My dear, I am not contradicting; I am not well enough to contradict," panted poor Jenkins.

"He would have come off there and then, all by himself: he would, Mr. Galloway, as I am a living sinner!" she hotly continued. "It's unbeknown how he'd have got here—holding on by the wall, like a snail, or fastening himself on to the tail of a cart; but try at it, in some way, he would! Be quiet, Jenkins! How dare you attempt to interrupt?"

Poor Jenkins had not thought to inter-

rupt; he was only make a movement to pull off his great coat. Mrs. Jenkins resumed—

"'No,' said I to him; 'if you must go, you shall be conveyed there, but you don't start without your breakfast.' So I sat him down in his chair, Mr. Galloway, and gave him his breakfast—such as it was! If there's one thing that Jenkins is obstinate in, above all others, it's about eating. Then I sent Lydia for a fly, and wrapped up his throat in my boa—and that he wanted to fight against!—and here he is!"

"I wished to get here, sir, before you did," cried Jenkins, meekly. "I knew the exertion would set me coughing at first, but, if I had sat awhile before you saw me, I should not have seemed so incapable. I shall be better presently, sir."

"What are you at with that coat?" tartly asked Mrs. Jenkins. "I declare your hands are never at rest. Your coat's not to come off, Jenkins. This office is colder than our parlor, and you'll keep it on."

Jenkins humbly obeying, began to turn up the cuffs.

"I can do a little writing, sir," he said to Mr. Galloway. "Is there anything that is in a hurry?"

"Jenkins," said Mr. Galloway, "I could not suffer you to write; I could not keep you here. Were I to allow you to stop, in the state you are, just to serve me, I should lay a weight upon my conscience."

Mrs. Jenkins looked up in triumph.

"You hear, Jenkins! What did I tell you? I said I'd let you have your way for once—'twas but the cost of the fly; but that if Mr. Galloway kept you here, once he set eyes on your poor creachy body, I'd eat him."

"Jenkins, my poor fellow," said Mr. Galloway, gravely, "you must know that you are not in a state to exert yourself. I shall not forget your kindness; but you must go back at once. Why, the very draught from the frequent opening of the door would do you an injury; the exertion of speaking to answer callers would be too much for you."

"Didn't I tell you so, Jenkins, just in them very words?" interrupted the lady.

"I am aware that I am not strong, sir," acknowledged Jenkins to Mr. Galloway, with a deprecatory glance towards his wife to be allowed to speak. "But it is better I should be put to a trifle of inconvenience than that you should, sir. I can sit here, sir, while you are obliged to be out, or sitting in your private room. What could you do, sir, left entirely alone?"

"I don't know what I can do," returned Mr. Galloway, with an acerbity of tone equal to that displayed by Mrs. Jenkins, for the question recalled all the perplexity of his position. "Sacrifice yourself to me, Jenkins, you shall not. What absurd folly can have taken off Roland Yorke?" he added. "Do you know?"

"No, sir, I won't. When Mr. Roland came in this morning, and said he was really off, you might have knocked me down with a feather. He would often get talking about Port Natal, but I never supposed it would come to anything. Mr. Roland was one given to talk."

"He had some tea at our house the other night, and was talking about it then," struck in Mrs. Jenkins. "He said he was worked to death."

"Worked to death!" satirically repeated Mr. Galloway.

"I'm afraid, sir, that, through my unfortunate absence, he has found the work heavier, and he grew dissatisfied," said Jenkins. "It has troubled me very much."

"You spoilt him, Jenkins; that's the fact," observed Mr. Galloway. "You did his work and your own. Idle young dog! He'll get a sickener at Port Natal."

"There's one thing to be thankful for, sir," said patient Jenkins, "that he has got his uncle, the earl, to fall back upon."

"Hark at him!" interrupted Mrs. Jenkins. "that's just like him! He'd be 'thankful' to hear that his worst enemy had no uncle to fall back upon. That's Jenkins all over. But now, what is to be the next movement?" she sharply demanded. "I must get back to my shop. Is he to come with me, or to stop here—a spectacle for everybody that comes in?"

But at this moment, before the question could be decided—though you may rest assured Mrs. Jenkins would only allow it to be decided in her own way—hasty footsteps were heard in the passage, and the door was thrown open by Arthur Channing.

CHAPTER LII.

A RELIC FROM THE BURIAL-GROUND.

When Hamish Channing joined the breakfast-table at home that morning at nine o'clock, he mentioned his adventure at the station with Lady Augusta Yorke. It was the first intimation they had received of Roland's departure; indeed, the first that some of them had heard of his intention to depart.

Arthur laid down his knife and fork. To him alone could the full consequences of the step occur, as regarded Mr. Galloway.

"Hamish! he cannot actually have gone?"

"That he is actually off by the train to London, I can certify," was the reply of Hamish. "Whether he will be off to Port Natal, is another thing. He desired me to tell you, Arthur, that he should write his adieus to you from town."

"He might have come to see me," observed Arthur, a shade of resentment in his tone. "I never thought he would really go."

"I did," said Hamish, "funds permitting him. If Lord Carrick will supply those, he'll be gone by the first comfortable ship. His mind was so entirely bent upon it."

"What can he think of doing at Port Natal?" inquired Constance, wonderingly.

"Making his fortune." But Hamish laughed as he said it. "Wherever I may have met him lately, his whole talk has been of Port Natal. Lady Augusta says he is going to take out frying-pans to begin with."

"Hamish!"

"She said so, Constance. I have no doubt Roland said so to her. I should like to see the sort of cargo he will lay in for the start."

"What does Mr. Galloway say to it, I wonder?" exclaimed Arthur, that gentleman's perplexities presenting themselves to his mind above anything else. "I cannot think what he will do."

"I have an idea Mr. Galloway is as yet unaware of it," said Hamish. "Roland assured me that no person whatever knew of his departure, except Jenkins. He called upon him on his way to the station."

"Unaware of it!" Arthur fell into consternation great as Mr. Galloway's, as he repeated the words. Was it possible that Roland had stolen a march on Mr. Galloway? He relapsed into silence and thought.

"What makes you so sad?" Constance asked of Arthur, later, when they were dispersing to their several occupations.

"I am not sad, Constance, only thoughtful. I have been carrying on an inward battle," he added, half laughingly.

"With your conscience?"

"With my spirit. It is a proud one yet, in spite of all I have had to tame it; a great deal more rebellious than I like it to be."

"Why, what is the matter, Arthur?"

"Constance, I think I ought to come forward and help Mr. Galloway out of this strait. I think my duty lies in doing it."

"To return to his office, you mean?"

"Yes; until he can see his way out of the wood. But it goes against the grain."

"Arthur, dear, I know you will do it," she gently said. "Were our duty always pleasant to us, where would be the merit in fulfilling it?"

"I shall do it," he answered. "To that I have made up my mind. The difficulty, is, Constance, to do it with a good grace."

She looked at him with a loving smile.

"Only try. A firm will, Arthur, will conquer even a rebellious spirit."

Arthur knew it. He knew how to set about it. And, a little later, he was on his way to Close Street, with the best grace in the world. Not only to appearance, mind you, but inwardly. It is a GREAT thing, reader, to conquer the rising of a proud spirit! To bring it from its haughty, rebellious pedestal, down to cordiality and love. Have you learnt the way?

Some parchments under his arm, for he had stayed to collect them together, Arthur bounded in to Mr. Galloway's. The first object his eyes fell on was that shadowy form, coughing and panting.

"Oh, Jenkins!" he involuntarily uttered, "what do you do out of your house?"

"Anxiety for me has brought him out," said Mr. Galloway. "How can I scold him?"

"I could not rest, sir, knowing my master was alone in his need," cried Jenkins to Arthur. "What is to become of the office, sir, with nobody in it?"

"But he is not alone," said Arthur; and if he had wanted a reward for coming forward, that moment would have supplied it, in satisfying poor Jenkins. "If you will allow me, sir." Arthur added, turning frankly to Mr. Galloway, "I will take my place here, until you shall be suited."

"Thank you," emphatically replied Mr. Galloway. "It will relieve me from a serious embarrassment."

Arthur went to his old desk, and sat down on his old stool, and began settling the papers and other things on it, just as if he had not been absent an hour.

"I must still attend the cathedral as usual, sir," he observed to Mr. Galloway, "but I can give you up the whole of my other time. I shall be better for you than nobody."

"I would rather have you here than anybody else, Channing; he"—laying his hand on Jenkins's shoulder—"excepted. I offered for you to return before."

"I know you did, sir," replied Arthur, in a brief tone—one that seemed to intimate he would prefer not to pursue the subject.

"And now are you satisfied?" struck in Mrs. Jenkins to her husband.

"I am more than satisfied," answered Jenkins, clasping together his hands. "With Mr. Arthur in the office, I shall have no fear of its missing me, and I can go home in peace, to die."

"Please just to hold your tongue about dying," reprimanded Mrs. Jenkins. "Your business is to get well, if you can. And now I am going to see after a fly. A pretty dance I should have had here, if he had persisted in stopping, bringing him messes and cordials every other half-hour! Which would have worn out first, I wonder—the pavement, or my shoes?"

"Channing," said Mr. Galloway, "let us understand each other. Have you come here to do anything there may be to do—out-of-doors as well as in? In short, to be my clerk, as heretofore?"

"Of course I have, sir, until"—Arthur spoke very distinctly—"until you shall be able to suit yourself; not longer."

"Then take this paper round to Deering's office, and get it signed. You will have time to do it before college."

Arthur's answer was to put on his hat, and vault away with the paper. Jenkins turned to Mr. Galloway as soon as they were alone.

"Oh! sir, keep him in your office!" he earnestly said. "He will soon be of more value to you than I have ever been!"

"That he will not, Jenkins; nor anybody else!"

"Yes, he will, sir! He will be able to replace you in the chapter house upon any emergency, and I never could do that, you know, sir, not being a gentleman. When you have him to yourself alone, sir, you will see his value; and I shall not be missed. He is steady and thoughtful beyond his years, sir, and every day will make him older."

"You forget the charge against him, Jenkins. Until he shall be cleared of that—if he can be cleared of it—he will not be of great value to any one; certainly not to me."

"Sir," said Jenkins, raising his wan face, its hectic deepening, and his eye lighting, while his voice sunk to a whisper, so deep as to savor of solemnity, "that time will come! He never did it, and he will as surely be cleared, as that I am now saying it! Sir, I have thought much about this accusation; it has troubled me in sleep; but I know that God will bring the right to light for those who trust in Him. If anybody ever put their trust in God, it is Mr. Arthur Channing. I lie and think of all this, sir. I seem to be so near God, now," Jenkins went on dreamily, "that I know the right must come to light; that it will come in God's own good time. And I believe I shall live to see it!"

"You have certainly firm faith in his innocence, Jenkins. How, then, do you account for his very suspicious manner?"

"It does not weigh with me, sir. I could as soon believe a good wholesome apple-tree would bring forth poisonous berries, as that Mr. Arthur would be guilty of a deliberately bad action. Sometimes I have thought, sir, when puzzling over it, that he may be screening another. There's no telling how it was. I hear, sir, that the money has been returned to you."

"Yes; was it he told you?"

"It was Mr. Roland Yorke who told me, sir. Mr. Roland is another, sir, who has had firm faith in his innocence from the first."

"Much his faith goes for!" ejaculated Mr. Galloway, as he came back from his private room with a letter, which he handed to Jenkins, who was skilled in caligraphy. "What do you make of it?" he asked. "It is the letter which came with the returned money."

"It is a disguised hand, sir, there's no doubt of that," replied Jenkins, when he had surveyed it critically. "I do not remember to have seen any person write like it."

Mr. Galloway took it back to his room, and presently a fly drove up with Mrs. Jenkins inside it. Jenkins stood at the office door, his hat in his hand, and his face turned upon the room. Mrs. Jenkins came up and seized his arm, to marshal him to the fly.

"I was but taking a farewell of things, sir," he observed to Mr. Galloway. "I shall never see the old spot again."

Arthur arrived just as Jenkins was got in. He put his hand over the door.

"Make yourself easy, Jenkins, it will all go on smoothly here. Good-bye, old fellow! I'll come and see you very soon."

"How he breaks, does he not, sir?" exclaimed Arthur to Mr. Galloway.

"Ay! he is not long for this world!"

The fly proceeded on its way, Mrs. Jenkins, with her snappish manner, though really not unkind heart, lecturing Jenkins on his various shortcomings until it drew up at their own door. As Jenkins was being helped down from it, one of the college boys passed at a great speed; a railroad was nothing to it. It was Stephen Bywater. Something, legitimate or illegitimate, had detained him, and now the college bell was going.

He caught sight of Jenkins, and, hurried as he was, much of punishment as he was bargaining for, it had such an effect upon him, that he pulled up short. Was it a man, or a shadow? Was it Jenkins, or his ghost? Bywater had never been so struck with any sight before.

The most appropriate way in which it occurred to him he could give vent to his surprise, was to prop his back against the shop door-post, and indulge in a soft, prolonged whistle. He could not take his eyes from Jenkins's face.

"Is it you, or your shadow, Jenkins?" he asked, making room for the invalid to pass.

"It's myself, sir, thank you. I hope you are well, sir."

"Oh, I'm always jolly," replied Bywater, and then he began to whistle again.

He followed Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins into the shop with his eyes; that is, they followed Jenkins. Bywater had heard, as a matter of necessity, of Jenkins's illness, and had given as much thought to it as he would have done if told Jenkins had the head-ache; but to fancy him like *this*, had never occurred to Bywater.

Now, somewhere beneath Bywater's waistcoat, there really was a little bit of heart; and, as he thus looked, a great fear began to thump against it. He followed Jenkins into the parlor. Mrs. Jenkins, after divesting Jenkins of his coat, and her boa, planted him right before the fire in his easy-chair, with a pillow to his back, and was now whisking down into the kitchen, regardless of certain customers waiting in the shop to be served.

Bywater, unasked, sat himself down in a chair near to poor Jenkins and his panting breath, and indulged in another long stare.

"I say, Jenkins," said he, "what's the matter with you?"

Jenkins took the question literally.

"I believe it may be a sort of decline, sir. I don't know any other name for it."

"Shan't you get well?"

"Oh, no, sir! I don't look for that, now."

The fear thumped at Bywater's heart worse than before. A past vision of locking up old Ketch in the cloisters, through which pastime Jenkins had come to a certain fall, was uncomfortably present to Bywater just then. He had been the ringleader.

"What brought it on?" asked he.

"Well, sir, I suppose it was to come," meekly replied Jenkins. "I have had a bad cough, spring and autumn, for a long while now, Master Bywater. My brother went off just the same, sir, and so did my mother."

Bywater pushed his honest red face forward: but it was not looking quite so impudent as usual.

"Jenkins," said he, plunging headlong into the fear, "DID—THAT—FALL—DO—IT?"

"Fall, sir. What fall?"

"That fall down from the organ loft. Because that was my fault. I had the most to do with locking up the cloisters that night."

"Oh, bless you, sir, no! Never think that, Master Bywater,"—lowering his voice till it was as grave as Bywater's—"that fall did me good—good, sir, instead of harm."

"How do you make out that?" asked Bywater, drawing his breath a little easier.

"Because, sir, in the few day's quiet that I had in bed, my thoughts seemed in an accountable manner to be drawn to thinking of heaven. I can't rightly describe, sir, how, or why it could have been. I remember his lordship the bishop talked to me a little bit in his pleasant, affable way, about the necessity of always being prepared; and my wife's Bible lay on the drawers by my bed's head, and I used to pick up that. But I don't think it was either of those causes much: I believe, sir, that it was God himself working in my heart. I believe He sent the fall in His good mercy. After I got up I seemed to know that I should soon go to Him; and—I hope it is not wrong to say it—I seemed to wish to go."

Bywater was somewhat puzzled.

"I am not speaking about your heart and religion, and all that, Jenkins. I want to know if the fall helped to bring on this illness?"

"No, sir; it had nothing to do with it. The fall hurt my head a little—nothing more; and I got well from it directly. This illness, which has been taking me off, must have been born with me."

"Hoo—"

Bywater's shout, as he tossed up his trencher, was broken in upon by Mrs. Jenkins. She had been beating up an egg with sugar and wine, and now brought it in in a tumbler.

"My dear," said Jenkins, "I don't feel to want it."

"Not want it!" said Mrs. Jenkins, resolutely. And in two seconds she had laid hold of him, and it was down his throat. "I can't stop parleying here all day, with my shop alive with customers."

Bywater laughed, and she retreated.

"If I could eat gold, sir, she'd get it for me," said Jenkins; "but my appetite fails.—She's a good wife, Master Bywater."

"Stunning," acquiesced Bywater. "I wouldn't mind a wife myself, if she'd feed me up with eggs and wine."

"But for her care, sir, I should not have lasted so long. She has had great experience with the sick."

Bywater did not answer. Rising to go, his eyes had fixed themselves upon some object on the mantel-piece, as pertinaciously as as they had previously been fixed upon Jenkins's face. "I say, Jenkins, where did you get this?" he exclaimed.

"That, sir? Oh, I remember. My old father brought it in yesterday. He had cut his hand with it. Where now did he say he found it? In the college burial yard, I think, Master Bywater."

It was part of a small broken phial, of a peculiar shape, which had once apparently contained ink; an elegant shape, it may be said, not unlike a vase. Bywater began turning it about in his fingers; he was literally feasting his eyes upon it.

"Do you want to keep it, Jenkins?"

"Not at all, sir. I wonder my wife did not throw it away before this."

"I'll take it, then," said Bywater, slipping it into his pocket; "and now I'm off. Hope you'll get better, Jenkins."

"Thank you, sir. Let me put the broken bottle in paper, Master Bywater. You will cut your fingers if you carry it loose in your pocket."

"Oh, that be bothered!" answered Bywater. "Who cares for cut fingers?"

He pushed himself through Mrs. Jenkins's shop of customers, with as little ceremony as Roland Yorke might have used, and went flying towards the cathedral. The bell ceased as he entered. The organ pealed forth; and the dean and chapter, preceded by some of the bedesmen, were entering from the opposite door. Bywater ensconced himself behind a pillar, until they should have traversed the body, crossed the nave, and were safe in the choir. Then he came out, and made his way to old Jenkins the bedesman.

The old man, in his black gown, stood near the bell ropes, for he had been one of the ringers that day. Bywater noticed that he had got his left hand partially tied up in a handkerchief.

"Hallos, old Jenkins," said he *sotto voce*, "what have you done with your hand?"

"I gave it a nasty cut, yesterday, sir, just in the ball of the thumb. I wrapped my handkercher round it just now, for fear of opening it again, while I was a-ringing the bell. "See," said he, taking off the handkerchief and showing the place to Bywater.

"What an old muff you must be, to cut yourself like that!"

"But I didn't do it for the purpose," returned the old man. "We was ordered into the burial-ground to put it a bit to rights, and I fell down with my hand on a broken phial. I ain't as active as I was. I say, though, sir, do you know that service has begun?"

"Let it begin," returned careless Bywater. "This was the bottle you fell over, was it not? I found it on Joe's mantel-piece, just now."

"Ay, that was it. It must have laid there some time—a good three months, I know."

Bywater nodded his head; returned the bottle to his pocket, and went to the vestry to get his surplice. Then he slid into the college under the severe eyes of the Reverend Mr. Pye, which were bent upon him from the chanting desk, and ascended his stall just in time to take his parts in the *Venite, Benitemus Domino*.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE RETURN HOME.

It almost seemed, to the grateful heart of Mr. Channing, as if the weather had prolonged its genial fineness on purpose for him. A more charming autumn had never been known at Boscette, and up to the very hour of Mr. Channing's departure, there were no signs of winter. Taking it as a whole, it had been the same at Helstonleigh. Two or three occasional wet days, two or three cold and windy ones; but they soon passed over: and people said to each other how this fine weather would shorten the winter.

Never did November turn out a more lovely day than the one that was to witness Mr. Channing's return. The sun shone brightly; the blue sky was without a cloud. All Nature seemed to have put on a smiling face to hail him a welcome. And yet—to what was he returning?

For once in his life, Hamish Channing shrunk from meeting his father and mother. How should he break the news to them? They were arriving full of joy, of thankfulness at the restoration of health to Mr. Channing; how could Hamish mar it with the news regarding Charley? Told it must be; and he must be the one to do it. In good truth, Hamish was staggered at the task. His own hopeful belief that Charley would some day "turn up," was beginning to die out; for every hour that dragged by, without bringing him, certainly gave less and less chance of it. And even if Hamish had retained hope himself, it was not likely he could impart it to Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

"I shall get leave from school this afternoon," Tom suddenly exclaimed that morning at breakfast.

"For what purpose," inquired Hamish.

"To go up to the station and meet them."

"No, Tom. You must not go to the station."

"Who says so?" sharply cried Tom.

"I do," replied Hamish.

"I dare say! that's good!" returned Tom, speaking in his hasty spirit. "You know you are going yourself, Hamish, and yet you would like to deprive me of the same pleasure. Why, I'd not miss being there for anything! Don't say, Hamish, that you are never selfish."

Hamish turned upon him with a smile, but his tone changed to sadness. "I wish with all my heart, Tom, that you, or somebody else, could go and meet them, instead of myself, and undertake what I shall have to do. I can tell you I never had a task imposed upon me that I found so uncongenial as the one I must go through this day."

Tom's voice dropped a little of its fierce shade. "But, Hamish, there's no reason why I should not meet them at the station. That will not make it the better or the worse for you."

"I will tell you why I think you should not," replied Hamish; "why it will be better that you should not. It is most desirable that they should be home here, in this house, before the tidings are broken to them. I should not like them to hear of it in the street or at the station; especially my mother."

"Of course not," assented Tom.

"And, were you at the station," quietly went on Hamish to him, "the first question would be, 'Where's Charley?' If Tom Channing can get leave of absence from school, Charley can."

"I could say—"

"Well?" said Hamish, for Tom had stopped.

"I don't know what I could say," acknowledged Tom.

"Nor I. My boy, I have thought it over, and the conclusion I come to, if you appear at the station, is this: either that the tidings must be told to them, then and there; or else an evasion, bordering upon an untruth. If they do not see you there, they will not inquire particularly after Charles; they will suppose you are both in school."

"I declare I never set my mind upon a thing, but some hindrance starts in to frustrate it!" cried Tom, in vexation. But he relinquished his intention from that moment.

Chattering Annabel put up her head. "As soon as papa and mamma come home we shall put on mourning, shall we not? Constance was talking about it with Lady Augusta."

"Do not talk of mourning, child," returned Hamish. "*I* can't give him up, if you do."

Afternoon came, and Hamish proceeded alone to the station. Tom, listening, to the inward voice of reason, was in school, and Arthur was occupied in the Cathedral; the expected time of their arrival being towards the close of afternoon service. Hamish had boasted that he should *walk* his father through Helstonleigh for the benefit of beholders, if he happily came home capable of walking; but, like poor Tom and his plan, that had to be relinquished. In the first half-dozen paces they would meet half-a-dozen gossipers, and the first remark from each, after congratulations, would be, "What a sad thing this is about your little Charles!" Hamish lived in doubt whether it might not, by some untoward luck, come out at the station, in spite of his precaution in keeping away Tom.

But, so far, all went well. The train came in to its time, and Hamish, his face lighted with excitement, saw his father once more in possession of his strength, descending without assistance from the carriage, walking alone on the platform. Not in the full strength and power of yore: that might never be again. He stooped slightly, and moved slowly, as if his limbs were yet stiff, limping a little. But that he was now in a good sound state of health was evident; his face betrayed it. Hamish did not know whose hands to clasp first—his, or his mother's.

"Can you believe that it is myself, Hamish?" asked Mr. Channing, when the first few words of thankful greeting had passed.

"I should hide my head for ever as a false prophet if it could be any body else," was the reply of Hamish. "You know I always said you would so return. I am only in doubt whether it is my mother."

"What is the matter with me, Hamish?" asked Mrs. Channing.

"Because you would make about two of the thin, pale, careworn Mrs. Channing that went away," cried he, turning his mother round to regard her, deep love shining out from his gay blue eyes. "I hope you have not taken to rouge your cheeks, ma'am, but I am bound to confess they look uncommonly like it."

Mr. Channing laughed merrily.

"It has done me untold good, Hamish, as well as papa; it seems to have set me up for years to come. The seeing him grow better day by day would have effected it, without any other change."

Mr. Channing had actually gone himself to see after the luggage. How strange it seemed! Hamish caught him up.

"If you can give yourself trouble now, sir, there's no reason that you should do so, while you have your great lazy son at your elbow."

"Hamish, boy, I am proud of doing it."

It was soon collected. Hamish hastily, if not carelessly, told a porter to look to it, took Mr. Channing's arm, and marched him to the fly, which Mrs. Channing had already found. Hamish was in lively dread of some officious friend or other coming up, who might drop a hint of the state of affairs.

"Shall I help you in, father?"

"I can help myself now, Hamish. I remember you promised me that I should have no fly on my return. You have thought better of it."

"Yes, sir—wishing to get you home before bed-time, which might not be the case if you were to show yourself in the town, and stop for all the interruptions."

Mr. Channing stepped into the fly. Hamish followed him, first giving the driver a nod.

"The luggage! The luggage!" exclaimed Mrs. Channing as they moved off.

"The porter will bring it, mother; he would have been a month putting it on the fly."

How could they suppose anything was the matter? Not a suspicion of it ever crossed them. Never had Hamish appeared more light-hearted; in fact, in his self-consciousness, Hamish a little over-did it. Let him get them home before the worst came!

"We find you all well, I conclude?" said Mrs. Channing. "None of them came up with you? Arthur is in college, I suppose, and Tom and Charles are in school."

"It was Arthur's hour for college," remarked Hamish, conveniently ignoring the rest of the sentence; "but he ought to be out now. Arthur is at Galloway's again," he added. "He did not write you word, I believe, as you were so shortly expected home."

Mr. Channing turned his glance on his son like lightning.

"Cleared, Hamish?"

"In my opinion, yes. In the opinion of others, I fear not much more than he previously was."

"And himself?" asked Mr. Channing. "What does he say now?"

"He does not speak of it to me."

Hamish put his head out at the window as he spoke, nodding to somebody who was passing. A question of Mr. Channing's called it in again.

"Why has he gone back to Galloway's?"

Hamish laughed.

"Roland Yorke took an impromptu departure one fine morning, for Port Natal, leaving the office and Mr. Galloway to do the best they could with each other. Arthur buried his grievances, and offered himself to Mr. Galloway in the emergency. I am not quite sure that I should have been so forgiving."

"Hamish! He has nothing to forgive Mr. Galloway. It is on the other side."

"I am uncharitable, I suppose," remarked Hamish. "I cannot like Mr. Galloway's treatment of Arthur."

"But what is it you say about Roland Yorke and Port Natal?" interposed Mrs. Channing. "I do not understand."

"Roland is really gone, mother. He has been in London these ten days, and it is expected that every post will bring news that he has sailed. Roland has picked up a notion somewhere that Port Natal is an enchanted land, converting poor men into rich ones; and he is going to try what it will do for him. Lord Carrick is fitting him out. Poor Jenkins is sinking fast."

"Changes! changes!" remarked Mr. Channing. "Go away but for two or three months, and you must find them on return. Some gone; some dying; some—"

"Some restored, who were looked upon as incurable," interrupted Hamish. "My dear father, I will not have you dwell on dark things the very moment of your arrival; the time for that will come soon enough."

Judy nearly betrayed all; and Constance's aspect might have betrayed it, had the travellers been suspicious. She, Constance, came forward in the hall, white and trembling. When Mrs. Channing shook hands with Judy, she put an unfortunate question—"Have you taken good care of your boy?" Judy knew it could only allude to Charles, and for an answer she set up a noise, between a cry and a sob, that might have been heard in the far-off college school-room. Hamish took Judy by the shoulders, bidding her go out and see whether any ratlines were left in the fly, and so turned it off.

They were all together in the sitting-room—Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Hamish, Constance, Arthur, and Annabel; united, happy, as friends are and must be when meeting after a separation; talking of this, talking of that, imparting notes of what had occurred on either side. Hamish showed himself as busy as the rest; but Hamish felt all the while upon a bed of thorns, for the hands of the time-piece were veering on for five, and he must get the communication over before Tom came in. At length Mrs. Channing went up to her room, accompanied by Constance; Annabel followed. And now came Hamish's opportunity. Arthur had gone back to Mr. Galloway's, and he was alone with his father. He plunged into it at once; indeed, there was no time for delay.

"Father!" he exclaimed, with deep feeling, his careless manner changing as by magic, "I have very grievous news to impart to you. I would not enter upon it before my mother; though she must be told of it also, and at once."

Mr. Channing was surprised, more surprised than alarmed. He never remembered to have seen Hamish betray so much emotion. A thought crossed his mind that Ar-

ther's guilt might have been brought clearly to light.

"Not that," said Hamish. "It concerns—Father, I do not like to enter upon it! I shrink from my task. It is very bad news indeed."

"You, my children, are all well," cried Mr. Channing, hastily, speaking the words as a fact, not as a question. "What other news 'very bad' can be in store?"

"You have not seen us all," was the answer of Hamish. And Mr. Channing, alarmed then, looked inquiringly at him.

"It concerns Charles. An—an accident has happened to him."

Mr. Channing sat down and shaded his eyes. He was a moment or two before he spoke.

"One word, Hamish: is he dead?"

Hamish stood before his father and laid his hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"Father, I *wish* I could have prepared you better for it!" he exclaimed, with emotion. "We do not know whether he is dead or alive."

Then he explained—explained more in summary than in detail—touching lightly upon the worst features of the case, enlarging upon his own hopeful view of it. Bad enough it was, at the best, and Mr. Channing found it so. *He* could feel no hope. In the shock of grief, he turned almost with resentment upon Hamish.

"My son, I did not expect this treatment from you."

"I have taken enough blame to myself; I know he was left in my charge," sadly replied Hamish; "but, indeed, I do not see how I could have helped it. Although I was in the room when he ran out of it, I was buried in my own thoughts, and never observed his going. I had no suspicion anything was astir that night with the college boys. Father, I would have saved his life with my own."

"I am not blaming you for the fact, Hamish; blame is not due to you. Had I been at home myself, present, I might no more have stopped his going out than you did. But you ought to have acquainted me instantly. A whole month, and I to be left in ignorance!"

"We did it for the best. Father, I assure you that not a stone has been left unturned to find him; alive, or—or dead. You could not have done more had you hastened home; and it has been so much suspense and grief spared to you."

Mr. Channing relapsed into silence. Hamish glanced uneasily to that ever-advancing clock. Presently he spoke.

"My mother must be told before Tom comes home. It will be better that you take the task upon yourself, father. Shall I send her in?"

Mr. Channing looked at Hamish, as if he scarcely understood the import of the words. From Hamish he looked to the clock. "Ay; go and send her."

Hamish went to his mother's room, and returned with her. But he did not enter. He merely opened the door, and shut her in. Constance, with a face more scared than ever, came and stood in the hall. Annabel stood there. Judy, wringing her hands, and sending off short ejaculations of lament in an under tone, came to join them. They remained looking at the parlor door, dreading the effect of the communication that was going on inside.

"If it had been that great big Tom, it wouldn't matter so much," wailed Judith, in a tone of resentment. "The missis would know that he'd be safe to turn up, some time or other; a strong fellow like him!"

A sharp cry within the room. The door was flung open, and Mrs. Channing came forth, her face pale, her eyes wild, her hands lifted. "It cannot be true! It cannot be! Hamish! Judith! Where is he?"

Hamish folded her hands in his, and gently drew her in again. They all followed. No reason why they should not, now that the communication was made. Almost at the same moment Mr. Huntley arrived.

Of course the first thought that had occurred to the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Channing was that had *they* been at home to direct affairs in the search, Charley would have been found. It is the thought that would occur to us all: we never give other people credit for doing as much as we should have done. "This might have been tried, and the other might have been tried." It makes little difference when told that they *have* been tried; for then we fall back upon some other suggestion. Mrs. Channing reproached Hamish with keeping it from them.

"My dear lady, you must blame me, not him," interposed Mr. Huntley. "Left to himself, Hamish would have started Arthur off to you, post haste. It was I who suggested the desirability of keeping you in ignorance; it was I who brought Hamish to see it: and I know that, when the brunt of your grief shall have passed, you will acknowledge that it was the best, the wisest, and the kindest course."

"But there are so many things that we could have suggested; that perhaps none but a father or mother would think of!" urged Mrs. Channing, lifting her yearning face. They wished they could see her weep.

"You could have suggested nothing that has not been done," returned Mr. Huntley. "Believe me, dear Mrs. Channing! We have had many good suggestors, many good counsellors. Butterby has had the conducting of the search."

Mr. Channing turned to them. He was standing at the far window. "I should like to see Butterby."

"He will be here in an hour's time," said Hamish. "I knew you would wish to see him, and I requested him to come."

"The worst feature of the whole," put in Judith, with as much acrimony as ever was displayed by Mr. Ketch, "is that them boys should not have got their deserts. They have not as much as had a birching; and I say that the college masters ought to be hooted. I'd 'ghost' 'em!"

"The punishment lies in abeyance for the present," explained Hamish. "A different punishment from any the head master could inflict will be required, should—should—" Hamish stopped. He did not like to say, in the presence of his mother, "should the body be found. "Some of them are suffering pretty well, as it is," he continued, after a brief pause. "Master Bill Simms lay in bed for a week with fright, and was obliged to have Mr. Hurst to him. Report goes, that Mr. Hurst soundly flogged his son, by way of a commencement, for his share."

A pushing open of the outer door, a bang, and hasty footsteps in the hall. Tom had arrived. Tom, with his sparkling eyes, his glowing face. They sparkled for his father only in that first moment; his father, who turned and *walked* to meet him.

"Oh, papa! What baths those must be!" cried honest Tom. "If ever I get rich, I'll go over there and make them a present of a thousand pounds. To think that nothing else should have cured you!"

"I think something else must have had a hand in curing me, Tom."

Tom looked up, inquiringly—

"Ah, papa! You mean God."

"Yes, my boy. God has cured me. The baths were but instruments in His hands."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEN. POPE.—Major General Pope spent some time on the floor of the House on the 25th, and many members were introduced to him, to whom he expressed very freely his views concerning the conduct of the war both in the West and the East. He believes that the forces of the rebels at Richmond are overrated, as the forces of Beauregard at Corinth were before Corinth was evacuated. It was the concurrent testimony of spies and deserters that not less than 150,000 or 200,000 armed rebels were behind Beauregard's intrenchments. But upon the occupation of Corinth it was proved beyond a question that he never had more than 75,000 men here. General Pope does not believe that the rebel army at Richmond exceeds the latter number.

He laughs at the prevalent report that Gen. Beauregard has reinforced that army to the extent of a single soldier. He considers the war in the West as virtually at an end, the only thing yet to be done being to possess and hold the immense breadth of country already really conquered. In answer to a question concerning the 10,000 prisoners taken by him, according to Gen. Halleck, he says that he took 30,000 men, they could hardly be called soldiers, and 22,000 stands of arms. Most of the captives were from Kentucky and Tennessee. Beauregard's rear guard was driving south. Having no means to feed them, and believing that there was little temptation for them to join the rebel route he released them upon parole.—All who have conversed with Gen. Pope are struck with his unassuming frankness and ability, and hope that he will be assigned an important command in the East.

We may add to the above the following:—

Beauregard publishes a letter in the Mobile News of the 19th, denying emphatically the reported capture by Gen. Pope of 10,000 prisoners, as telegraped by Gen. Halleck. He says that one or two hundred stragglers will probably cover all the prisoners, and 500 damaged muskets all the arms captured. He also says: "All we lost at Corinth, and during the retreat, did not amount to one day's expense of the army of the enemy."

The Grenada Appeal of the 20th says the rebel army of the Mississippi is being reinforced, and the health of the soldiers much improved.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A UNION FLAG.—The following rule is obtained from an officer of the Navy, and at this time, when many persons are desirous to construct Union flags, and inquiry is frequently made in consequence, of the proper proportions of such flag, may be useful. The length of the flag is, of course, proportional to the width of the stripes, there being thirteen of the latter, red and white alternately, the red being the first and last. The length of the flag should be twice the width, less the width of one stripe, or equal to the width of twenty-five stripes. The dimensions of the flag therefore are twenty five by thirteen. The blue, or Union square, at the upper head corner is, of course, equal in width to seven stripes, (a white stripe coming next to it underneath,) it should in length equal ten, (or two-fifths of the length of the flag.) The number of stars equal the number of the states (34), and should be arranged in seven perpendicular rows, the first or last row containing four stars only, the others five stars each. Or the stars may be arranged in five horizontal rows, four rows containing seven stars each, and one row six.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.—Parson Brownlow's book, it is said, is meeting with a very large sale. The New York Advertiser says orders have been received for more than 60,000 copies, and the demand still continues. Next month the book will be open to the trade. At the rate of progression already attained, it is probable that the Parson's book will take rank among the great literary successes of modern times. The following letter is from the Parson:—

To my Friends:—Having had numerous inquiries from my friends throughout the Union in regard to my book, I will state to all concerned that my friend and publisher, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, allows me a very liberal copyright. I am interested in the circulation of the work, and I am benefitted by every copy sold.

Whilst I am not offering a book to the public that is not worth what is asked for it, I need all that I can realize from the work, for the rebels have possession of all my effects, save my wife and seven children.

G. W. BROWNLOW.

New York, June 12, 1862.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ELECTION IN ILLINOIS—LARGE ANTI-NEGRO VOTE.—Returns from all but four counties, foot up a majority against the bank article of 5,500, and against the Congressional apportionment 7,500. The negro proposition, denying negroes the right of suffrage and to hold office, was adopted, by almost nine-tenths of the whole number of votes, and the proposition excluding them from coming into the state was adopted by nearly two-thirds. They consequently form a part of the old Constitution. These articles were voted on separately from the new Constitution. The majority against that instrument thus far is about 13,000.

☞ Next to faith in God, man's faith in himself is his salvation.

☞ Jailers keep bad company.

☞ Diplomacy may work as much calamity as a battle; a few ink-drops may cost a nation more misery and exhaustion than a river of blood.

☞ Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and land.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE bill prohibiting polygamy in the territories of the United States, and disapproving and annulling the laws of Utah on that subject, is now a law. The offence is punishable with a fine of not exceeding $500, and imprisonment for five years.

A RAT HUNT took place in Washington county, Pa., last week, and 14,900 of the vermin were killed.

HOSPITAL ACCOMMODATION AT WASHINGTON.—A Washington correspondent says:—Large gangs of carpenters go on putting up temporary wooden hospitals, and before the close of the present week there will be twelve thousand beds in this medical department.—Surgeons, hospital stewards and nurses have been engaged; ambulances are in readiness for conveying the sick and wounded "tenderly;" and there is no lack of clothing, bed furniture, bandages, or the comforts and delicacies needed.

CERTAIN type-setters in Paris having "struck" because women had been employed to work at the cases with them, the Government had seven of them arrested, and, after keeping them over a month in prison, sentenced four of them to a fine of sixteen francs each and ten days in prisonment.

A SHORT time since, by mistake of an apothecary, at Winchester, Illinois, a quantity of antimonial wine (a powerful emetic) was sold to the Methodists for Communion. It was quarterly meeting day when it was taken, and the effect was frightful.

THE proof-reader on the London Times receives an editorial salary, but has to forfeit one guinea for every typographical error, even a turned letter, in each day's impression. If he has marked the error on the proof, the compositor who neglected to correct it pays the forfeit.

AMERICAN tobacco is now relied upon as the chief source of national revenue by most of the civilized nations of the world. Last year the English Government derived $28,000,000 revenue, and the French $36,000,000 from the weed that vanishes in smoke.

ABOUT a week ago a man named Hicks, living in Alexandria county, Va., near Ball's Cross Roads, in a moment of intoxication, undertook to whip his wife. While in the act of beating her, his little son, a lad ten years of age, seized a dirk or large knife, and ran behind his father and plunged it into his back, inflicting a wound which has since proved fatal.

THERE was a violent gust of wind at Springfield, Mass., on Saturday evening, which tore up large trees and demolished a blacksmith shop. Several ladies had their dresses and skirts blown completely off, and only stayed themselves by clinging to posts or trees.

THE MERRIMAC.—A court of inquiry has been held by the rebels upon the destruction of the steamer Merrimac, at Norfolk, and the Mississippi, at New Orleans. The court came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary for Commodore Tatnall to destroy the Merrimac at the time and place he did; that he should have gone to James river to prevent McClellan's transports from ascending. It was an error of judgment in Tatnall. The destruction of the Mississippi, they say, was necessary, to prevent her falling into the hands of Com. Farragut.

DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.—In Milwaukee, a few days ago, some boys were playing with marbles, which had been bought in the city, and which were nicely painted. The day was very hot, and the hands of the boys got moist, in consequence of which the paint dissolved and attached to the fingers. One of the boys wiped with his hands his forehead, whereby the poison contained in the paint detached from the marbles communicated to the face. In two hours his eyes began to swell, and continued to swell, so that after two days he could not see through the swollen face, and it was twelve days before he was able to use his eyes.

A SAD accident occurred in Gorham, Me., last Thursday. A little girl was about retiring for the night, and while rising from saying her prayers, by the side of her bed, one of her feet caught in her clothing, causing her to upset a fluid lamp, from which she was so badly burned that she soon died. The spirit of the child passed from the fiery furnace up to the Great Father, into whose ears her simple prayer had just entered. She is reported to have been a beautiful girl of ten years.

FRIGHTFUL DESTRUCTION OF HORSES.—During the recent forced march of General McDowell's army into the Shenandoah Valley, 1,880 horses were killed or broken down.

THOMAS C. CANNON, a laborer on the New London Northern Railroad, one day last week, feeling the need of "tired nature's sweet restorer," laid himself down to pleasant dreams with his head on the rail. The engineer of an approaching train saw him in time to break up his train and his nap too about the same time.

IRON GUNBOATS.—Com. Hull, Naval Constructor Hart, and Engineer Shawk, arrived in St. Louis on Saturday last from the East, to superintend the construction of seven new iron gunboats at the Carondelet Docks. The other two, the Choctaw and Fort Henry, have 500 men at work on them, and will be launched in three weeks. The Choctaw will have a turret like the Monitor, and will be put in command of Lieut. Winslow. The Fort Henry will be 300 feet long, pierced for 22 guns, and will be so constructed as to be serviceable as a sea-going steamer. Lieut. Hall will be in command.

A CERTAIN preacher in Iowa once took the text, "Husbands, love your wives." Pausing for a moment, he glanced towards Emily, (his wife) and began as follows: "Now, brethering, we sartinly don't dove our wives as we'd orter! I don't love Emily as I orter, but if I was to have another wife, I'd love her better'n I hev Emily!"

CANADIAN exchanges are complaining of the drought in the Canadian Provinces, which is more severe than on the South side of Lake Ontario. All the papers speak of its distressing continuance and destructive effects. Should it last much longer, the grain crop will be entirely cut off—grass has gone already.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.—The Southern papers publish an official account of the battle of Fair Oaks. They had 85 regiments and battalions engaged. Their loss was 5,897 killed, wounded and missing. The rate of postage in the Southern states has been increased to ten cents on letters. The rebel government has decided not to make any individual exchanges until the U. S. government agrees upon terms for a general exchange of prisoners. Gen. Prentiss and other officers captured at Shiloh have been sent to Atlanta, Georgia. A steamer, bound in, ran the blockade of Charleston on the 23d. Nothing further from Charleston appears. General Longstreet issued a flaming address to his troops on Monday, in view of the great conflict that was imminent, exciting them to new deeds of heroism, and advising them to aim low and make sure of the mark.

☞ IN THE WRONG PEW.—The rebels made a great mistake when they got into Uncle Sam's *Pew*-laski. It was a rash defiance of the canon's (cannons) of his church, and they have consequently been excommunicated.

☞ It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies.

FROM MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, June 25.—The railroad from Columbus, Kentucky, to this city is now in operation, and in a day or two there will be a railroad communication to Corinth, and from thence to Huntsville, Alabama. Enough rolling stock has been secured to commence operations.

Over 2,500 persons have taken the oath of allegiance since the occupation of this city. Mayor Park and Aldermen Robinson, Tilgeree and Hurlbut have taken the oath, but the remainder of the board hang back.

All is quiet at Corinth. That point will be garrisoned by two divisions, and it is reported that Gen. Halleck will return to St. Louis very soon.

Gen. Lew Wallace and staff left here yesterday to visit their homes.

Gen. McClernand's division is still at Jackson, Tennessee.

It is now stated that Gen. Rosecrans takes command of Gen. Pope's corps d'armee instead of Gen. Hamilton's division.

AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR, WHEN Diarrhœa is so prevalent and Dysentery so often fatal, great care should be taken to guard against an attack of these and kindred diseases. They are as often the result of a cold as of the use of unripe fruit and vegetables, and a few doses of Davis's Pain Killer, taken according to directions, will remove all unfavorable symptoms, speedily and effectually. We have frequently known cases of diarrhœa or dysentery cured with a single dose of the Pain Killer.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is firm; some 15,000 bbls found buyers during the week at $4,37½@4,75 for common mixed and good straight superfine, $4,80@5 for Ohio extra; North-Western extra family, $5,25@5,75 for good and choice Ohio and Penna do, and $6@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, including 3000 bbls, mostly Western extra family, on terms kept private, and some Western middlings, in lots, at $3,70@3,75 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at $3,25@3,50 ₱ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and good Penna Meal is scarce at $2,75 ₱ bbl. 800 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair demand for red Wheat, both for shipment and milling, and prices are 3@5c better than last week. Sales reach about 47,000 bus, in lots, at $1,20@1,25 for common to good and choice Western Penna reds, in store and afloat, and $1,28@1,33 for white, including 15,000 bus of the latter, Kentucky at $1,32 @1,33. Rye is unchanged, Penna selling on arrival at 67c. Corn is firm with light receipts and sales, in all about 30,000 bus yellow, mostly prime Southern, taken at 54c afloat; damaged lots at 45@50c; white at 60c, and Penna yellow at 53 @53c, in store and in the cars. Oats continue inactive, and only about 25,000 bus found buyers at 37@38c for Southern and 39@40c for Penna, in store and afloat. Barley and Malt remain quiet.

PROVISIONS.—The market for barrelled meats has been almost at a stand still, and the quotations for mess Pork are $11¼@11½ ₱ bbl; prime is scarce; 200 bbls city prime mess brought $11,75. Beef is steady but quiet at $12@15 for Western and city mess. Bacon.—The demand is mostly for job lots at 5@8c for hams; 4@4½ for shoulders and 5@5½c for sides. Green meats are inactive and selling in lots, as wanted, at irregular rates. Lard is more active and selling to some extent at 8½@8¾c for Western in bbls and tcs; 7¾@7¾c for country packed, and 8¾@8¾c for kegs, mostly cash. Butter is steady at 10@ 12c, and Cheese at 5@7c, as to quality. Eggs are lower and selling at 11@12c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market for this staple has been quite excited since the close of last week, and with a very reduced stock on sale, and an active demand from manufacturers, holders have put up their prices 3@5c ₱ lb, sales reaching some 400@500 bales, mostly in small lots, at from 28 to 37c cash for ordinary to middling and good middling quality.

ASHES are steady, but quiet, and about the usual business doing at quotations.

BARK comes in more freely, and prices are unchanged, with sales of 150 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron, mostly at 33½ ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is selling at $11@12 for Chestnut, and $15@ 14 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is unchanged, and good yellow is quoted at 33@33c ₱ lb, with limited offerings and sales.

COAL.—There is a good demand, both for shipment and home use, but the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limits operations. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $4@ 4,25; Prepared do $4@4,25; Red Ash do $4,25 @4,50; Lehigh Lump do $4,50@4,75; Prepared do $4,50@4,75; by retail do $5,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $5,25.

COFFEE.—There has been more doing in this article, and the market is firmer and more active, with sales of some 4000 bags at 18½@21¾c for Rio, and 18@21½c for Laguayra, mostly of the latter, on time.

COPPER continues dull, but steady, with further sales of yellow metal at 22c, and bolts and spikes at 24c, 6 months.

FEATHERS are inactive, with small sales of good Western at 38@40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to Cherries and Strawberries, which are abundant and low.

GINSENG is scarce, and we are not advised of any further sales.

HAY is in steady demand at 60@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP continues inactive, and the stock nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are firmer and move off as wanted at 16 @20c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western, and the market firm.

IRON.—The market for Pig Metal continues firm and on the advance, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to a few small lots taken at very full rates, say $23@24 for Anthracite No 1, and $22@23 for No 2, on time. For manufactured the demand is very active, and prices tending upward. American rails are held at $47@50, and refined bars at $65.

LEAD is firm, and sales of about 3000 pigs Galena are reported, mostly before arrival, at $6,90 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER.—There is no change in the market, and a fair business doing for the season. White Pine Boards sell at $14@16, and Yellow sap do $13@14. Of Laths about 500,000 sold at $1,30@ 1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firmer and rather more active, with moderate sales to note at 22@24c for clayed Cuba, and 27@30c for Muscovado, including small lots of Syrup on terms kept private.

PLASTER.—There is very little arriving and soft is worth $2,50 ₱ ton.

RICE is inactive, with little or no Carolina in first hands. About 400 bags Rangoon have been disposed of, mostly at 5c ₱ lb.

SEEDS are quiet, there is very little offering or selling, and Clover is quoted at $5@5,25 ₱ bus, the latter in a small way. Timothy is scarce and wanted at $1,75, and Flaxseed at $2,05@2,10 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is very little doing in Brandies, and prices are unsettled. Gins are also quiet, and N. E. Rum on the advance. Sales have been made at 34@35c, but these rates are now generally refused for large lots. Whiskey is also better, large sales having been made at 30@32c for Penna. and Western bbls, and drudge at 28@30c.

SUGARS are firm and more active, with sales of 2300 hhds at 7@8c for Cuba, and 8¼@8¾c for Porto Rico, mostly of the former, all on the usual credit, the market closing ¼@¾c better than last week.

TALLOW is scarce and rather more inquired for, and city rendered is worth 8½@9c ₱ lb; there is very little country offering.

TOBACCO.—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced and prices tending upward.

WOOL.—There is rather more offering and selling, and prices are better, low and medium fleece selling freely at 47@48c and fine at 50c ₱ lb, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1453 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 90 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head. 3100 Sheep were sold at from 4c ₱ lb gross. 720 Hogs brought from $4,50 to 5,50 ₱ cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ELIAS STOKES, to Miss REBECCA B. ELTON, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the same, Mr. ROBERT D. HYDE, to Miss HARRIET S. NAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ALEXANDER B. TURNER, to Miss MARY E. GREEN.

On the 24th ultimo, at Christ Church, by the Rev. Benj. Dorr, D. D., the Rev. HENRY P. HAY, of Trenton, N. J. to ALMIRA, daughter of Geo. L. Guion, of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. DAVID H. YOUNG, to Miss SALLIE C. SIMPLER, both of this city.

On the 18th of June, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE W. SCOTT, to Miss MARTHA M. EAGLES, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Germon, Mr. ELLWOOD FARNSWORTH, to Miss ANN E. HYLAND, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. N. R. Baldwin, Mr. RICHARD KING, to Miss SARAH E. ARCHER, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM H. BOWDEN, of Lower Marion, to Miss MARY G. MCCLURE, of Schuylkill Falls.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, JANE CALDWELL, relict of Capt. Thos. Caldwell, aged 70 years.

Suddenly, of disease of the heart, on the 25th ultimo, PETER L. FERGUSON.

On the 24th ultimo, JOSHUA T. MISKEY, son of John A. and Vastin S. Miskey, aged 22 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mr. GEORGE READ, aged 59 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ELIZABETH ALLEN, daughter Elias and Elizabeth L. Stillwell, aged 16 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ELIZA ANN, wife of Michael S. Walsh.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr. JAMES W. NEWMAN, in his 35th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH LAWSON, wife of Mr. John Moore, in her 36th year.

On the 21st ultimo, HANNAH, relict of the late Henry Benner.

On the 24th ultimo, SAMUEL SHEETS, of Co. G 98th regiment, P. V.

On the 23d ultimo, HARVEY K. JOHNSON, in his 42d year.

On the 22d ultimo, CHARLES BROWN, in his 50th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 28, 1862.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	3 to 30 dis.
Canada	1 par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	1 dis.
Georgia	35 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 to 5 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to 55 dis.	
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	30 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	4 to 15 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 35 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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FAMILY LOCK STITCH MACHINES,

The peculiarities of each stitch will be cheerfully shown and explained to purchasers, and they have the great advantage of being able to select from our stock either a machine making the

GROVER & BAKER STITCH,
Or one making the
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The only valuable Sewing Machine stitches in practical use.

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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,

Of all flavors, as follows:

CABANAS, at $7 ₱ 100.
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SODA WATER,

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PREMIER ARTISTE
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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
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WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the diseases one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

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This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 22 1f

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE!

Have been diligently employed in perfecting

CHRISTADORA'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE.

It is no wonder, then, that after

Careful Analysis by Dr. Chilton,

IT WAS PRONOUNCED HARMLESS,

And is now taking the place of all other Dyes. Those who have been disappointed with miserable imitations, are always pleased with the genuine. Any shade of black or brown, to suit all complexions, produced in ten minutes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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WANTED.—500 ACTIVE YOUNG men to act as Local and Travelling Agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of $100 per month. A capital of $5 only required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who inclose a postage stamp or silver, and address

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author.

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Wit and Humor.

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

——, Friday, —, 1860.

On the sad sea shore! Always to hear the moaning of these dismal waves!

Listen. I will tell you my story—my story of love, of misery, of black despair.

I am a moral Frenchman.

She whom I adore, whom I adore still, is the wife of a fat Marquis—a lop-eared, blear-eyed, greasy Marquis. A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low practical man, who pays his debts. I hate him.

II.

She, my soul's delight, my empress, my angel, is superbly beautiful.

I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

She dashed past me in her coupe. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there forevermore.

Forevermore!

I followed her, after that, wherever she went. At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My motto was *en avant!* That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's Dictionary.

III.

She wrote me that I might come and see her at her own house. Oh, joy, joy, unutterable, to see her at her own house!

I went to see her after nightfall, in the soft moonlight.

She came down the gravelled walk to meet me on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

The Marquis, always a despot, had latterly misused her most vilely.

That very morning, at breakfast, he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbors will tell you so. And to be told by the base Marquis—a man who, previous to his marriage, had lived at the cheap eating-houses—to be told by him that her manner of frying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I, too, wept. I mixed my sobs with hers. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Her lips met mine. I held her in my arms. I felt her breath upon my cheek! It was Hunkey.

"Fly with me. To New York. I will write romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances, with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop girls and young mercantile persons will adore it, and I will amass wealth with my ready pen."

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstacy, her husband, the Marquis, crept snake-like upon me.

Shall I write it? He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of sparkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned, the creature would have kicked me again.

So I left Paris for this place—this place, so lonely, so dismal.

Ah, me!

Oh, dear!

A GOOD ONE.

We were yesterday told a good one of a jolly old landlord of German extraction, who keeps a hotel not a hundred miles north of this place. A chap in the East having presented him with a fine lot of fireworks, he proposed to give a free pyrotechnical exhibition to his friends, and, to perfect himself in the art of handling them, he went the night before the exhibition into a field near by, with a lighted candle, and commenced by igniting a vertical pin wheel, holding it on a gimlet. This covering him with sparks, he procured an overcoat, and next set off a serpent, which exploded in his hand, striking his dog, nearly killing him. His next experiment was with a large rocket, which he ignited, holding in his hand. We will describe his success in his own words. He says—

"I sets her a fire—then she pulls—then I pulls—den she pulls again. Den de spangles flies all over me and purns me; and den de darn ting purtes and hits me all over de het."

THE DANDY AND THE BARKEEPER.—At a hotel the other evening, a young and fully moustached dandy from a certain city was seated at the ten-table, at rather a late hour, when the bar-keeper came in and took a seat directly opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back his chair, and gazed at the bar-keeper, and exclaimed—

"Fellah, do the servants sup with the gentlemen in this house?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Are you not the bar-keeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a bar-keeper is 'help' as much as the scrub girl."

"True," replied the man of toddy-sticks, "but I did not enter the hall xntil I looked in and saw there was not a gentleman at the table!"

"Ahem!"

Here the conversation ended. Moustache was "fixed."

AN EXPECTANT HEIR.—A juvenile sporter belonging to a primary school, boasted to his play-fellow the other day that he would, by-and-by become the fortunate possessor of an important article of youthful aspiration. "My father," said he, "has gone to the war, and if he gets killed I am going to have his fish line."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Dr. H——, of the pleasant city of Elms, has been noted for many years for always driving the gentlest and most sober but at the same time the most fearfully "homely" of horses. His steeds will always stand wherever he pleases to leave them, but they have rather a venerable and woful aspect, that renders them anything but pleasant objects to the casual observer. A few years ago there came a caravan to town, and several horses were badly frightened by the elephants, so that a number of accidents occurred. A day or two after, old Dr. Knight met Dr. H——, and, speaking of the accidents, Dr. Knight remarked that he had not dared to take his horse out while the procession was passing through the streets.

"Oh, ho!" said Dr. H——, "why, I took my mare and drove right up alongside of them, and she wasn't the least bit scared!"

"Hum—yes," says Dr. K., "*but how did the elephant stand it?*"

The question, though pertinent, was hardly complimentary to the Doctor's "beast."

CAN A BODY EAT WITH 'EM.—An elderly lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him—

"Can a body eat with these things?"

"My dear madam, mastication can be performed with them with a facility scarcely excelled by nature herself," responded the dentist.

"Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

☞ A young conscript fell sick and was sent to the military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard and for some time, then he threw up his hands and bawled—"Great heaven! doctor! I *can't* drink all that!"

HOME COURTESIES.

In the home intercourse it should be remembered that each one has his place and his part. A happy and pleasant home is an impossibility where any one slights his duty. Home is not a place where you are to cosset your own fancies, or be entertained by the rest. You have no right to sit down, listless and dull, and say, "Come, amuse me, and see how pleasant you can make home." You have no right to complain that home is ungenial till you are sure that you have tried your best to make it genial. The men who complain of homes are mostly those of whom the homes complain, men whose dignity is offended at the bare suggestion that they have something to do toward making it pleasant. Home is not a mere place of entertainment, a sort of tavern, and he who turns to it for entertainment merely deserves to be disappointed. Hast thou nothing to do, oh, man! but to throw thyself upon a sofa, or monopolize the easiest chair, and, holding back all thine own information, demand that wife and children amuse thee? or wilt thou go moodily out to club or store, declaring that thou wilt not stay where so little is done for thee? And shall the young man say, "My sisters do nothing to make home pleasant to me," when he has done nothing to make home pleasant to them? I do not think the different members of a home realize how much the pleasant, profitable intercourse of home depends on each, or how hard it is when one and another hang back for the rest to supply the deficiency.—*Rev. J. F. W. Ware.*

EARLY WALKING.

Walking, for young and active people, is by far the best exercise; riding is good for the elderly, the middle-aged and invalids. The abuse of these exercises consists in taking them when the sytem is exhausted more or less by previous fasting or by mental labor. Some persons injudiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, under the belief that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both instances is the same; it subtracts from the powers of exertion in the after part of the day. A short saunter, or some light reading before this meal, is the best indulgence of the kind; otherwise the waste occasioned by labor must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort sacrificed by a weight at the chest from imperfect digestion of food. These observations apply especially to elderly persons, who are prone to flatter themselves into the persuasion that they can use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth.

THREE CENT PIECES.—The Western Christian Advocate has the following on three-cent pieces:—

Every time we see a basket collection in church, we feel mingled with our joy some sorrow. We bethink ourself of the days of boyhood and Saturday afternoon fishings in shallow holes with scoopnet—the first caught are all minnows. The basket and plate collections abound, since the coming of three-cent pieces, mightily with minnows. It fell to our lot the other day to count the collection lifted in a well-to-do church; every second piece of money was a three-cent piece—or rather, in fifty pieces, twenty-seven were three-centers, six nickel cents, five ten-cent pieces, and twelve were five-cent pieces. Men of means ought to save their three-cent pieces for something else than the work of making them take the place of the bigger coins.

☞ "What stingy fellows they must be in New York!" exclaimed a fine country girl. "Our Sallie says she never could get a buss without paying five cents for it."

☞ Here is the newest floral sentiment; if you wish for heart's ease, don't look to Marigold.

CAUTION.

(To the two young ladies in pink bonnets who expressed such enthusiasm at the recent exhibition about Mr. B. Stubbs's pictures, and would so like to see that "dear Mr. Stubbs.") The *tall* young man who on overhearing the above praise, wetted his pocket-handkerchief, and removed an imaginary speck of dust from Mr. S.'s picture, thereby trying to convey the impression that HE was the fortunate man who had painted it, is some impudent impostor, and never touched a canvas before in his life. Mr. B. Stubbs was the good-looking *short* man, with wideawake, auburn beard, and spectacles, who stood modestly in the background.

WHAT NATURE CAN DO.—What *queer* notions persons have on the subject of curing Disease. It is a *something*—they do not know what—that must be driven out of the system. It is to be caught and broke like a Mustang pony, by force of bit and bridle, strong arm and spurred heel. Doctors chase a fever pretty much as huntsmen chase a fox, over hill, down valley, up glen, through brake, and once in sight, crack! crack! crack goes the rifles, though the shot be long and misspent. Disease is not a fox to be shot at with pills and pillets, it is simply an exhibition or manifestation of the Living Organism to relieve itself of faulty conditions; in other words, it is Vital Force shown in excess.—*Laws of Life.*

☞ Dust, by its own nature, can rise only so high above the road, and birds, which fly higher, never have any on their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough, escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth but cannot rise above it into that purer air.

☞ The setting sun stretches his rods of light across the landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smites the rivers and the brooks, and they become as blood.

☞ Patience is very good, but perseverance is much better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

☞ The names for houses are for the world outside. When you read "Rose Cottage" on the wall, think of the lot of thorns inside.

Agricultural.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Visiting a large dairy and stock ranch in Marion county lately, we were exceedingly gratified to listen to the practical remarks of the proprietor upon the utility and value of kindness to cattle; and having often urged this matter in our columns, we take this opportunity to call the attention of all dairymen and stock-owners, especially those who are *dairymen*, to the remarks of this humane man:—

"In the first place," said he, "I never allow any man in my employ to whip, beat, kick, or abuse, any animal on my farm; as it is inhuman to beat or maltreat a dumb beast, I will not allow it on *principle*. And again, I wish everybody would act on the same principle, and those who have no humanity, if they would look at the *cost of beating cows*, they would desist. For example," said he, "let a coarse rough man go among thirty or forty cows at milking-time, and begin to speak loud and harsh to the cow he is to milk; or, as such a man will often do, thump or kick the cow, or strike her with the stool, as unfeeling men often do, and *that cow and every cow within his influence, will hold up her milk*; some more, some less. This is an established fact; and every such man among a band of cows will thus take away from the product of the dairy from three to five gallons of milk daily in a band of forty cows.

"As it is customary for one man to milk twelve or fifteen cows as his portion, these cows will be scattered over the yard or in different stalls, and as he will have to pass among nearly the whole band, they will all feel and fear his influence, and I am confident a man of this character will always lose his employer *more* than his wages. With this view of the case, I never will keep a man on my premises who is of this character."

We now plead with all dairymen, and ask them to review these facts, give us their opinions, and copy the example of this humane and wise man, and whose words are here quoted, and they will find themselves the gainers largely by a decisive action. If our dairymen and stock-raisers would discharge all men who are harsh and cruel to their stock, they would have better stock, more butter, and be in a better condition every way.—*California Farmer.*

TAN-BARK AS A MANURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have observed various statements as to the nature and value of spent tan-bark applied to crops or tillage land. Having made some experiments in a small way, bearing on the question, I will give the results.

On the 1st of July I sowed broadcast, on good alluvial soil, well-pulverized carrots, ruta-bagas and cabbage. I covered them with three-fourths of an inch of tan-bark, quite fresh from the tannery. The growth was good, and crop as large as the season would allow.

I also planted potatoes in the same way, covering with four to six inches of fresh tan-bark. They had no other care, the weeds not growing. The crop was fair under the circumstances—indicating no bad effect from the tannic acid of the covering.

I also raised good corn where tan was mixed with the soil in the proportion of one to four.

From these facts I have not hesitated to use it freely as an absorbent in my stables. My cows are bedded with it to a depth of three or four inches. It is hoed back into the drop as fast as it becomes wet. It then becomes thoroughly mixed with the manure, making about double the bulk. It is daily loaded into a cart and hauled to the field, where it is deposited in heaps.

The great advantages I get are a more perfect distribution of the manure in spreading—economy in getting all the manurial qualities on to the ground—neatness of stables, and saving all the trouble in ploughing, drilling in seeds, and cultivating, when coarse straw manure is used, as it must be, or one year lost in rotting it.

Dried muck is undoubtedly the best. But I can't get it; and it is much more expensive in procuring and hauling, where tan is within reach.

My land is alluvial, a little inclined to be heavy, and I anticipate good results from the light, open nature of the tan.

I procure my supply (about 150 loads) in dry weather, and place in the bottom of a bay, convenient for use. Frost only crusts over the top, giving no trouble.—*Country Gentleman.*

KILLING RATS—A NOVEL TRAP.

The premises of a good many farmers are infested with rats, and we are often asked for modes of destruction. A resident of Brooklyn is vexed with an increasing family of rats that seem to grow fat on arsenic and rat exterminators. He doesn't like rats, and refers his case to the Sunday Times. That journal recommends a trap made as follows:—

"Take a mackerel barrel, for instance, and fill it to about one-third its height with water. Then place a log endwise in the water, so that one end of it will just remain above the surface. Make the head of the barrel a little too small to fit, and suspend it by two pins to the inside of the top of the barrel, so that it will hang as if on a pivot and easily tip by touching either side. On this head, thus suspended, secure a piece of savory meat. The first rat that scents it, will, to get the meat, leap on the barrel head. The head will tip, or tilt, precipitate him into the water, and resume its position. The rat in the water will swim to the log, get on the end of it, and squeal vociferously. His cries will bring other rats, all of whom will be tilted into the water, and all of whom will fight for the only dry spot in it—viz.: the end of the log. As only one rat can hold it, the victor will drown all the rest, and can, in the morning, be drowned himself. We have seen twenty rats caught in one night by such a trick."

SHOULD WE WASH OUR SHEEP?

Humanity, at least, says *No!* With the natural fear a sheep has for water, it must be cruel to subject them to such treatment as they sometimes get by the process familiarly called "washing;" yet, in truth, it is not only a detriment to the wool but to the sheep.

We take it for granted, that what is good for the health of man in the way of care, holds good with the sheep; and who among all our shepherds would think of following his sheep home from the mill pond without a change of clothes, when sometimes it is cold enough to make his teeth chatter. How can we then expect it to benefit our sheep, especially when we have a week's rainy weather just after washing, and very often, in this climate, it is cold and unhealthy for man and beast. Yet some will say it does the sheep no harm; but facts prove that this is not the case—both your sheep and lambs suffer materially.

But this is only one feature. *It costs a great deal of time and money*, which could be applied to a better use in cultivating our spring crop. It is no trifle to wash 3,000 sheep every year.

But the most potent argument in favor of not washing our sheep, is, we can shear from three to four weeks sooner, and thus give the more time after shearing for the growth of wool, to protect them from the fall rains and from the cold in winter, which is no inconsiderable item. How often do we delay washing on account of the water being too cold, when the weather is abundantly warm to shear. The sheep will not suffer with the cold in May, if they are cared for during the three days immediately after shearing. We would gain one-sixth more clothing, to protect our sheep from the cold of winter, besides a stronger constitution and a healthier sheep, than if we had frozen our sheep in May, by washing them.

Finally, *manufacturers would rather have the wool unwashed.* They have to re-wash it after us; why not let them do their own washing, and then if it is not well done, they will know who to complain of. One half of the wool in some sections of country where they have no clear running water, is actually damaged by the attempt to wash it on the back. It is made a bug-bear of in market, and thus the producer is forced to take less than his wool is really worth. Wool-growers! we stand in our own light upon this subject. But taking unwashed wool to market cannot be practiced by one here and there. It must be a general reform. How then shall we best and most directly get at it? It can be done by "County Organizations." Shall we make the attempt? By so doing we shall practice humanity, save labor, save time and money, improve our sheep, benefit ourselves, and benefit the manufacturer.—*Correspondent Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

CONSTIPATION AND CORN.—A tablespoonful of coarse corn-meal (Indian), stirred in a glass of cold water, and drank quickly, on rising in the morning, has frequently had an excellent effect in keeping the system healthful and free. Living for a week wholly on sweet, fresh, pure milk, with corn-meal mush, has a most wholesome effect where there is headache, dullness, cold feet, and an indifferent appetite. It would be well for dyspeptic persons to use corn-meal more freely in their diet, preparing it in a great variety of ways, so that it may not pall on the taste. A delightful corn griddle-cake is thus made: Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt, and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp. Skimmings, where meat has been boiled, is best for frying them with. Fry slowly.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LEMON PUDDING.—Take two or three Savoy biscuits, put half a tea-cup of boiled cream over them, quarter pound butter, quarter pound loaf sugar dissolved in half a teacup of water, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two eggs, well beaten, grate the rind of two small lemons, and add the juice of one lemon, then put a puff paste round the dish and bake.—*From a receipt of the poet, Samuel Rogers.*

APPLE JELLY.—Slice whole apples, (cores, parings and all); cook them with just water enough to cover them till reduced to a soft pulp. Take the rind and juice of four lemons; strain this pulp, (not squeezing much or going over it twice) add the lemons, measure pint for pound white sugar; let it boil half an hour, and turn into forms. Quince, &c., the same way.

RICE JELLY.—Boil quarter pound whole rice with half pound loaf sugar, in one quart water, till it becomes a glutinous mass. Strain off the jelly and let it cool in moulds.

QUINCE JELLY.—Wash and wipe the quinces; cut them in small pieces, and take out the seeds carefully; have your kettle cleaned and half full of water; throw the quinces and seeds in till you get it full; cover them over, and let them boil till very soft; mash them well and strain them; to every pint of juice put a pound of sugar; clean the kettle again, pour in the juice and sugar, and let it boil till it forms a jelly; it should be put into tea-cups, if you want it to turn out whole, with brandy papers on the top, and pasted over. It is a nice jelly to use with whips or trifle.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare the quinces and cut them up fine; put the parings and cores to boil; then strain them; put in the quinces, and let them boil till soft; when mash them fine, and put in three-quarters pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; let them cook gently for two hours, and take them up in pint bowls; when cold, put brandy papers on the top of each, and paste them over; they will turn out whole to put on table.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 13, 19, 5, 7, 14, 12, 15, was a Roman Emperor.

My 16, 12, 15, 15, 5, 9, a great battle fought between the Romans and Carthagenians.

My 9, 18, 15, 3, 15, 8, was a great Austrian prince.

My 12, 18, 16, 19, 8, 5, a battle fought between Bonaparte and the Austrians.

My 1, 19, 9, 15, 20, 17, 15, an important battle in the American Revolution.

My 4, 18, 3, 8, 3, 19, is an American General.

My whole is a great battle fought between the French and English in the beginning of the fifteenth century. THOS. J. JOHNS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 10, 18, 4, is the name of a river in North Carolina.

My 7, 2, 11, 12, is one of the United States.

My 1, 15, 7, 16, is a city of New York.

My 3, 19, 11, 5, is a town in Ohio.

My 11, 7, 17, 14, is one of the United States that borders on the largest river in the world.

My 6, 14, 8, 5, 13, 12, is a river in Italy.

My 2, 9, 16, is a fortified town of Belgium.

My whole is the name of a conflict for freedom. C. L. N.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

For long, long years I flourished, in a silent, shady grove,
Where lads and lasses used to meet, and whisper tales of love;
And there I might have still remained, but for a stern decree,
That I should from my friends and kin forever severed be.
Behold me! I am clothed in rags; my master old and poor,
But I must bear him on his way to beg from door to door;
The surly house-dog at me snarls, but him I do not fear,
Although I have a friend to guard, a friend both near and dear.
I neither fear the heat nor cold while my companion bleeds,
As o'er the rugged stones we go, where our poor master needs.
My end I dare not prophecy, or guess my future lot,
But perhaps some day I may assist to boil my master's pot.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Improve my first,
Avoid my next,
Strive for my whole,
And you'll be fix'd.

Ogunquit, Illinois.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A thief having 50 miles the start of an officer, makes off at the rate of 8 miles an hour; the officer presses on after him at the rate of 10 miles an hour; what will be the wages of the officer, until he will overtake the thief, at 6 cents per mile of his pursuit? JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Ans.—Her-*ring.*

☞ What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? Ans.—A green pear.

☞ Why are the planets like Colt's pistols? Ans.—Because they are revolvers.

☞ Who was the brightest ornament of the Episcopal Bench in England? Ans.—Jewell.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—General Ambrose Everett Burnside. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Martin Van Buren, Kinderhook, New York. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. ENIGMA.—New Carlisle Collegiate Institute. CHARADE.—Conundrum. (Co-nun-drum.) GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION QUESTION.—First series 5.25.-125 and 625. Second Series, 4.16.64.256 and 1024.

Answer to PROBLEM by William Askey, published May 24.—There will be concealed from view by the ball, 24139041768.4625 square feet of the plain; or 55417.6944 square acres; or 86.59014 square miles. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Also answered by W. W., Burlington, Iowa.

Answer to A. D. Young's PROBLEM, of May 31.—The corn will amount to $851.3338.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Also answered by J. N. C., Mont Clare, Pa.

Answer and rule to A. D. Young's PROBLEM, published June 7th, 1862.—The diameter required is 38.6274168 inches.

Rule required.

Multiply the square of the side of the octagon by 19.8137084; divide this product by the perimeter, and the quotient will be the diameter required. FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Barnesville, Belmont Co., O.

Jacob Hoff, Plumb Brook, Macomb Co., Michigan, sends answer to above, longest diameter, 41 3-10; shortest diameter, 38 6-10.

Answer to PROBLEM of the Circular Park.—Circumference of park, 63.80332; circumference of inner inner circle, 55.24838; width of walk, 1.36339.

Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to Mr. Harp Davis' ENIGMA, in the Post of June 14th, 1862.—The Mausoleum erected by Artemisia.

Pretty difficult, but not too much so; try again. STARS & STRIPES.